

# THE ATHENAEUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 946.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1845.

PRICE  
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COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

**M. JULIEN'S GRAND AND ANNUAL BAL MASQUE,** to take place MONDAY, December 22nd, 1845.

MR. JULIEN has been most respectfully to acquit the Nobility and Gentry, that the above GRAND ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT will take place on Monday, Dec. 22nd, 1845.

It is with a feeling of greatly increased confidence and satisfaction that M. JULIEN now has the honour to announce his THIRD BAL MASQUE. The experiment of first introducing amusement of this kind in England was considered by some of M. JULIEN'S most influential Patrons to be one of much difficulty: the reason chiefly urged in support of that opinion being that the public countenance had been almost entirely withdrawn from the only entertainments at all resembling them in character—viz, the Masquerades. M. JULIEN, however, well knowing the great difference between the ordinary Masquerade and one of the richest Bals Masques of the Continent, and also having been informed of the manner in which the former had been usually conducted in this country, determined, in the year 1843, to present to the Nobility and Gentry of the metropolis one of these entertainments, and by sparing neither care nor expense in its production, to submit it fairly to their approbation. The result is well known:—the excellence of the Orchestra; the richness of the Costumes; the splendour of the Decorations; and the general and unequalled brilliancy of the whole scene, commanded both the admiration of the visitors, and the enthusiasm of the press.

The first Ball (1843) was successful beyond M. JULIEN'S most sanguine expectations: the Salle not only being thronged with the Nobility and Gentry, but the audience portion of the theatre crowded with visitors anxious even to be mere spectators of the scene. The announcement of the second Ball (1844) from the very favourable report of those present at the first, created the greatest interest; and consequently, nearly every place in the theatre that could be secured, was taken many days beforehand, and on the afternoon of the Ball not a seat remained unoccupied. The amount paid for admission on that occasion more than doubled the largest sum ever taken at Covent Garden Theatre on any one previous occasion since its creation.

Since that period Bals Masques have become most fashionable among the nobility; the highest personages having, on more than one occasion, made them the grandest entertainment of the season. The Theatre consequently now witnesses a great variety of rich and elegant costumes, and M. JULIEN confidently anticipates a most brilliant Assembly on the 22nd. Experience will enable him to make still further improvements in his general arrangements; while in the DECORATIVE SPLENDOR of the Salle de Danse it will be his endeavour to surpass former efforts.

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## REVIEWS

*Oliver Newman: a New England Tale (unfinished); with other Poetical Remains.* By the late Robert Southey. Longmans.

THERE are many to whom the name of Southey is dear—many who, having never seen him, yet have conceived an affection for him, from the benevolent purpose generally manifest in his works, even when his argument was unconvincing, and his cause erroneous. Undoubtedly he was a partizan and one-sided writer, and in that character indulged in personalities even against his poetical brethren, not to be defended; but there was an elevation of mind that, in some degree, compensated for the contraction of its sympathies—a warmth of feeling that bespoke a kind disposition; and a glow of patriotism warm from the heart, and which went to it, despite all difference of opinion. Add to this, the gift of eloquence, and we have his character. As a poet, it was not by the employment of a peculiar diction, by imagery, by unexpected associations or exquisite sentiments, that Mr. Southey sought to attract, to surprise, or to delight; but simply by an harmonious arrangement of high thought and feelings, a plenary expression, and an enthusiastic delivery. His narrative poems might have been written in prose, without any diminution of interest—the style might have been retained to a word; we should have missed nothing but an occasional involution or transposition, and the flow and variety of a lyrical metre, which in 'Thalaba,' and some parts of 'The Curse of Kehama,' is, it must be confessed, a special charm. But his tales were still of the marvellous order—ostentatiously wild and wondrous in incident; and hence frequently wanting in human interest. This was a defect which Mr. Southey himself frequently acknowledged, and was desirous of removing. He made the attempt in his 'Tale of Paraguay,' but with imperfect success. A more stirring action was requisite. This, he thought he had discovered in the subject of Goffe the regicide, who, after the restoration, found refuge in New England, and took part in Philip's war. His hero, however, was to have been one Oliver Goffe, the Quaker-son of the exile; but he ultimately changed the name to Oliver Newman, and divested the character of its drab clothing, though not of its patience and enduring sufferance, until the 19th Canto, when pious "passivity" was decreed in the poet's design "to give way to a just wrath."

Such, then, is the argument of 'Oliver Newman.' In manner, it is somewhat like 'Thalaba,' with a more frequent recurrence of rhyme, and dramatic blank verse. The poem opens with a "funeral at sea:"—

The summer sun is riding high  
Amid a bright and cloudless sky;  
Beneath whose deep o'er-arching blue  
The circle of the Atlantic sea,  
Reflecting back a deeper hue,

Is heaving peacefully.  
The winds are still, the ship with idle motion  
Rocks gently on the gentle ocean;  
Loose hang her sails, awaiting when the breeze  
Again shall wake to waft her on her way.  
Glancing beside, the dolphins, as they play,  
Their gorgeous tints suffused with gold display;  
And gay bonitos in their beauty glide:  
With arrowy speed, in close pursuit,  
They through the azure waters shoot;  
A feebler shoal before them in affright  
Spring from the wave, and in short flight,  
On wet and plumbeous wing essay  
The aerial element:

The greedy followers, on the chase intent,  
Dart forward still with keen and upturn'd sight,  
And, to their proper danger blind the while,  
Heed not the sharks, which have for many a day  
Hover'd behind the ship, presentment of their prey.

'Oliver Newman' has taken the opportunity for religious exhortation; and thus becomes

the theme of talk between Randolph (a man urgent and earnest in hunting out the regicide refugees from their hiding-places) and the captain. Oliver carries about his person, Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' which gives rise to criticism on the part of the captain and Randolph—a fair enough specimen of contemporary verdicts. We have also descriptions of a calm, a fresh breeze, stormy weather, and of harbourage in the haven of Cape Cod, where the hero is visited by appropriate historical reflections and pious aspirations; but these are interrupted by the approach of Annabel, the fair companion of his voyage, whose feelings have been shocked by the ill-usage inflicted on a poor Indian woman. The description of her wrong is rendered in Mr. Southey's best style:—

She led him hastily toward a shed,  
Where, fetter'd to the door-post, on the ground  
An Indian woman sat. Her hands were bound,  
Her shoulders and her back were waled and scored  
With recent stripes. A boy stood by  
Some seven years old, who with a piteous eye  
Beheld his suffering mother, and deplored  
Her injuries with a cry.  
Deep, but not loud,—an utterance that express'd  
The mingled feelings swelling in his breast,—  
Instinctive love intense, the burning sense  
Of wrong, intolerable grief of heart,  
And rage, to think his mother could not fulfil  
The pious vengeance of his passionate will.  
His sister by the door,  
Lay basking in the sun: too young was she  
To feel the burthen of their misery;  
Reckless of all that pass'd, her little hand  
Play'd idly with the soft and glittering sand.

At this abhorred sight,  
Had there been place for aught  
But pity, half-relieved by indignation,  
They would have seen that Indian woman's face  
Not with surprise alone, but admiration:  
With such severe composure, such an air  
Of stern endurance, did she bear  
Her lot of absolute despair.  
You rather might have deem'd,  
So fix'd and hard the strong bronze features seem'd,  
That they were of some molten statue part,  
Than the live sentient index of a heart  
Suffering and struggling with extremest wrong:  
But that the coarse jet hair upon her neck  
Hung loose, and, and lank, and long,  
And that sometimes she moved her large black eye,  
And look'd upon the boy who there stood weeping by.

Oliver in vain attempted to assuage,  
With gentle tones and looks compassionate,  
The bitterness of that young Indian's rage.  
The boy drew back abhorrent from his hand,  
Eyed him with fierce disdain, and breathed  
In inarticulate sounds his deadly hate.  
Not so the mother; she could understand  
His thoughtful pity, and the tears which fell  
Copiously down the cheeks of Annabel.  
Touch'd by that unaccustom'd sympathy  
Her countenance relax'd: she moved her head  
As if to thank him both;  
Then frowning, as she raised her mournful eye,—  
"Bad Christian man! bad Englishman!" she said:  
And Oliver a sudden sense of shame  
Felt for the English and the Christian name.

Oliver, on expressing sympathy, is taunted into the purchasing of these New England savages—the children and the wife of Kawnacom, a native prince, lately slain. At length the vessel arrives at its destination: Oliver stands in the presence of the governor of New England, the excellent Leverett, who, having been a Cromwellian, had sobered down into a rational conformist. He knew of the retreats of the regicides, but, conniving at their concealment, was as anxious to preserve, as Randolph to destroy, the sufferers. He was just the man, therefore, to help Oliver in his pious search for his grandfather, and in his amiable desire to convert the native tribes. Oliver has, besides, another claim:—presenting Leverett with the casket which had belonged to his mother, who had died on board ship, and whose funeral it was that the opening canto describes:—

The Governor's countenance changed, as he received  
That message from the dead;  
And when he open'd and contemplated  
The sad bequest,  
Tears fill'd his eyes, which could not be repress'd.  
It was a woman's picture, in her youth  
And bloom portray'd, by Cooper's perfect skill.  
The eyes, which death had quench'd,  
Kept there their life and living lustre still;

The auburn locks, which sorrow's withering hand,  
Forestalling time, had changed to early grey,  
Disparting from the ivory forehead, fell  
In ringlets which might tempt the breath of May;  
The lips now cold as clay,  
Seem'd to breathe warmth and vernal fragrance there;  
The cheeks were in their maiden freshness fair.  
Thus had the limner's art divine preserved  
A beauty which from earth had pass'd away;  
And it had caught the mind which gave that face  
Its surest charm, its own peculiar grace,  
A modest mien.

A meek, submissive gentleness serene,  
A heart on duty stay'd,  
Simple, sincere, affectionate, sedate,  
Were in that virgin countenance portray'd:  
She was an angel now; and yet,  
More beautiful than this fair counterfeit,  
Even in heaven, her spirit scarce could be  
Nor seem from stain of ill, and evil thoughts, more free.  
Time was, when Leverett had worn  
That picture like a relic in his breast;  
And duly, morn and night,  
With Love's idolatry  
Fix'd on its beauties his adoring sight,  
And to his lips the precious crystal prest.  
Time was, when in the visions of his rest,  
That image of delight  
Came with sweet smiles, and musical voice to bless  
His sleep, and all his dreams were happiness.  
'And still, though course of time, and fatal force'  
Of circumstance, grave thoughts, and worldly cares  
(Ah! how unlike the blissful hopes of youth,  
From which it had been worse than death to part!)  
Had fortified as well as heal'd his heart,  
That vision, in her beauty and her truth,  
Sometimes would visit him, and he would say  
With a confused but conscious faculty,  
Knowing full well  
That this, which seem'd, too surely could not be,  
Struggled against the spell.  
Unchanged and unimpaired by thirty years,  
Her image came, but only to distress  
The heart she went to bless.  
Till from the painful unreality  
He woke, disturb'd in spirit, and in tears.  
But he was master of his waking soul,  
And could control  
All unbecoming passion, and all feeling  
That needs repressing or concealing.  
Howbeit he sought not to restrain  
His deep emotion now, nor turn'd aside  
His natural tears to hide, which freely fell;  
But wiping them away a moment, eyed  
Oliver's pale countenance and anxious brow,  
Perusing there his mother's lineaments:  
Then took his hand, and said, "Thou need'st not tell  
Thy hapless name and perilous secret now,  
I know them both too well."

Though disapproving of his project, Leverett undertakes to speed Oliver and Annabel to the Connecticut. Their act of pity, too, is now of service to them. Those grateful savages will guide them in safety through the wilderness. We extract a portion of their forest journey:—

Had they from such disturbant thoughts been free,  
It had been sure for them  
A glad some sight to see  
The Indian children, with what gloe  
They breathed their native air of liberty.  
Food to the weary man with toil forewent  
Not more refreshment brings,  
Than did the forest breeze upon its wings  
To those true younglings of the wilderness:  
A happy sight, a sight of hearts content!  
For blithe were they  
As swallows, wheeling in the summer sky  
At close of day:  
As insects, when on high  
Their mazy dance they thread  
In myriads overhead,  
Where sunbeams through the thinner foliage gleam,  
Or spin in rapid circles as they play,  
Where winds are still:  
Upon the surface of the unrippled stream:  
Yea, gamesome in their innocence were they  
As lambs in fragrant pasture, at their will  
The udder when to press  
They run, for hunger less  
Than joy, and very love and wantonness.  
Nor less contentment had it brought  
To see what change benevolence had wrought  
In the wild Indian mother, whom they first  
Had seen, her spirit strong  
Madden'd by violence of wrong,  
For vengeance in her inmost soul,  
With natural but with ferine rage, athirst.  
That soul unhop'd for kindness had subdued:  
Her looks, and words, and actions, now combined,  
Express'd, in that composure of the mind  
Which uneffaceable sorrow had left behind,  
A lively ever-watchful gratitude.  
Oliver seem'd to her a creature  
Less of this earth than of celestial nature;  
And Annabel as well  
Had won from her a love-like veneration;  
(So goodness on the grateful heart can gain;)  
Though charms of European tint and feature  
No beauty to an Indian eye convey,  
Regarded with disdain,

As if they were the original stamp and stain  
Of an inferior clay,  
Proved in some earlier, inept creation,  
And then, for degradation  
When the red man was fashion'd, put away.  
Panya was troubled now, for she had seen  
Their alter'd mien :  
Some change there was, she knew not what, nor why,  
Some infelicity ;  
Which yet she might desecry  
Rose not from wrath nor alienated will ;  
For in their converse still  
The tones were such as meet  
The ear of love, and still  
The smiles they interchanged, though sad, were sweet :  
Yet plainly she could tell, all was not well.  
They too could read in her observant eye  
Its apprehension and its sympathy :  
And surely she, had but her speech been free,  
Had prest, how earnestly ! for explanation,  
And sought to bring about  
The full and perfect reconciliation  
Dearly desired by both, she did not doubt.  
Their hearts were merciful and meek she knew,  
And could not to each other but be true :  
But on her tongue the curse of Babel hung,  
And when the eager wish her breast was swelling,  
Eye-speaking thoughts were all she could impart,  
Intelligently telling  
The deep indwelling yearnings of the heart.  
Four days they travell'd through the endless wood,  
Measuring their journey still to reach at eve  
Some settler's home, and sure of their receiving  
Such hospitality, sincere, though rude,  
As men who felt no want, and had no vice  
Of chilling avarice,  
In their plain kindness found a joy in giving.  
The fifth morn rose, and with the morn rose they,  
That they might reach that day  
Their journey's end ; and through the forest wide  
Did they their weary way  
Hold on from early dawn till eventide ;  
But ere the light of eve  
Began to fade, their guide,  
Accustomed to desecry  
With instantaneous eye  
The slightest trace of man, a smoke espied,  
Staining a little space of open sky :  
" 'Tis the place we seek ! " he said ; nor knew  
What a cold feeling, at the words, ran through  
The veins of Annabel, and Newman too.

Annabel is the daughter of Willoby, " a high old cavalier," having an allotment near the Narhaganset lands, to whom Oliver restores her. Here the fragment, as left among Mr. Southey's papers, ends. A sketch of the plan remains, from which we learn that Oliver would, at length, reach his father, but thereby occasion his detection by Randolph ; whom, however, he is destined to save from Indian vengeance. Annabel also will be made a prisoner of war, and be rescued by the hero from the hands of a ruffian renegade, whose life will pay the forfeit of his rascally violence ; and Oliver, having thus benefited all parties, will be rewarded with the maiden's hand.

Such is the nature and scope of this fragment, which, though in power and picturesqueness inferior to its author's greater productions, bears many evident marks of his happiest manner, and rises sometimes into beauty, delicacy and tenderness. The miscellaneous pieces are pleasing ; and a fragment of a poem, in hexameter verse, entitled ' Mohammed,' is characterized by considerable vigour—equal, in fact, to anything in Mr. Southey's best compositions.

*Explanations : a Sequel to ' Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.' Churchill.*

WE believe we were the first to point out the inaccuracies of the facts and the insufficiency of the reasonings, brought forward in 'The Vestiges of Creation.' Our general remarks were followed up by elaborate criticisms in the *Quarterlies*, which left little room to doubt that the author of the work in question had been treading on ground which his previous pursuits and knowledge did not justify. He had ambitiously walked over the field of modern natural science, and endeavoured to connect its details into one grand whole. It was natural that each man of science should look to his own department, and inquire if the author of such a scheme understood the particular class of phenomena with which he was conversant. On this being done, each found that the author

of the 'Vestiges' had misstated or misunderstood the facts involved in his particular branch of science. The astronomer, geologist, zoologist, botanist, chemist, and political economist, have all complained that the facts of their science have been misrepresented, for the purpose of suiting the author's theory of Creation. After such a general exposure of the work, we were hardly prepared for an answer from the author. He has, however, ventured on the task of reviewing his reviewers, and the present volume is the result. The author has certainly, in many instances, discovered the weak points of his critics ; but his work still stands in the same position that it ever did. His theory of progressive development, as applied to the universe, is still an assumption ; and, although a variety of facts may be culled from various departments of science that are not opposed to such a theory, this is a widely different thing from the author's supposition that they are proofs of its truth. He has, however, re-stated the object of his work, and we give him the benefit of a second hearing :—

"I must start with a more explicit statement of the general argument of the *Vestiges*, for this has been extensively misunderstood. The book is not primarily designed, as many have intimated in their criticisms, and as the title might be thought partly to imply, to establish a new theory respecting the origin of animated nature ; nor are the chief arguments directed to that point. The object is one to which the idea of an organic creation in the manner of natural law is only subordinate and ministrative, as likewise are the nebular hypothesis and the doctrine of a fixed natural order in mind and morals. This purpose is to show that the whole revelation of the works of God presented to our senses and reason is a system based in what we are compelled, for want of a better term, to call LAW ; by which, however, is not meant a system independent or exclusive of Deity, but one which only proposes a *certain mode of his working*. The nature and bearing of this doctrine will be afterwards adverted to ; let me, meanwhile, observe, that it has long been pointed to by science, though hardly anywhere broadly and fully contemplated. And this was scarcely to be wondered at, since, while the whole physical arrangements of the universe were placed under law by the discoveries of Kepler and Newton, there was still such a mysterious conception of the origin of organic nature, and of the character of our own fitful being, that men were almost forced to make at least large exceptions from any proposed plan of universal order. What makes the case now somewhat different is, that of late years we have attained much additional knowledge of nature, pointing in the same direction as the physical arrangements of the world. The time seems to have come when it is proper to enter into a re-examination of the whole subject, in order to ascertain whether, in what we actually know, there is most evidence in favour of an entire or a partial system of fixed order. When led to make this enquiry for myself, I soon became convinced that the idea of any exception to the plan of law stood upon a narrow, and constantly narrowing foundation, depending, indeed, on a few difficulties or obscurities, rather than objections, which were certain soon to be swept away by the advancing tide of knowledge. It appeared, at the same time, that there was a want in the state of philosophy amongst us, of an impulse in the direction of the consideration of this theory, so as to bring its difficulties the sooner to a bearing in the one way or the other ; and hence it was that I presumed to enter the field."

Now nobody that we are aware of ever denied that organic beings are under the influence of law any more than other departments of nature. What is really the case is this—that no expression of facts that we have at present arrived at is capable of comprehending the relation between cause and effect, in the creation of the various distinct forms of animal and vegetable life. Whether the Creator, from time to time, forms distinct species of plants and animals, or causes one to proceed from the

other, according to the author of the 'Vestiges,' we believe that such a fact is capable of being expressed in words and thus forming a law. We believe that it is only in accordance with the modesty of true science not to dogmatize on either theory at the present moment. The 'Explanations' of the 'Vestiges' prove that with regard to the facts of geology alone, we are not in a position to give a positive character to any theory of their origin and relation. The greatest point which the author, in this work, discusses with his reviewers is, the succession of animals in the geological series. This, however, is a mere matter of fact, and though we were to find that there had been a gradual appearance of more complicated animals upon the surface of the earth, from the monad up to man, yet we need not say how little way this goes to prove the position that man is nothing more than a complicated monad. The author still adheres to the truth of the experiments of Messrs. Crosse and Weekes in the creation of acari by galvanism, although the evidence for the inference that they are thus formed has again and again been shown to be wholly unsatisfactory. One of the novel features of the present volume are, two communications from Mr. Weekes on the subject of the creation of acari and fungi by galvanism. We need not go into details ; it will be sufficient to observe that there is no proof in Mr. Weekes's experiments that he has adopted anything like the precaution necessary to prevent other causes than galvanism originating the animals and plants he has observed.

There is one ground on which the author has the advantage of some of his reviewers, and that is where he throws back the taunt of his views not being in accordance with certain facts admitted as true on other grounds :—

"It has appeared to various critics, particularly to the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, that very sacred principles are threatened by a doctrine of universal law. A natural origin of life, and a natural basis in organization for the operations of the human mind, speak to them of fatalism and materialism. And, strange to say, those, who every day give views of physical cosmogony altogether discrepant in appearance with that of Moses, apply hard names to my book for suggesting an organic cosmogony in the same way liable to inconsiderate odium. I must firmly protest against this mode of meeting speculations regarding nature. The object of my book, whatever may be said of the manner in which it is treated, is purely scientific. The views which I give of this history of organization, stand exactly on the same ground upon which the geological doctrines stood fifty years ago. I am merely endeavouring to read aright another chapter of the mystic book which God has placed under the attention of his creatures. A little liberality of judgment would enable even an opponent of my particular hypothesis, to see that questions as to reverence and irreverence, piety and impiety, are practically determined very much by special impressions upon particular minds."

The author of the 'Vestiges' is, we think, wrong scientifically, and it is on this ground alone that his book ought to be condemned. He feels, too, that it is to men of science that he has made his appeal, and they have one and all pronounced his work a failure as far as its scientific object is concerned. He has felt this, and endeavours to make for himself a court of appeal beyond the world of Science. Speaking of the position of his work in relation to the class of men of science he says :—

"As the case really stands, the ability of this class to give, at the present time, a true response upon such a subject, appears extremely challengeable. It is no discredit to them, that they are, almost without exception engaged, each in his own little department of science, and able to give little or no attention to other parts of that vast field. From year to year, and from age to age, we see them at work, adding no doubt much to the known, and advancing many important inter-

ests, but, in the midst of this, the common is nothing in the least; for the rest of the world is eager to receive the new doctrine, having an that science than the old maintainment have to possible of progressive duty in its evidence it cannot reject means which ing back a We were it is from discover great gen a man un it rests. quainted have his dantly pr himself th the facts and produ ner serve natural so Social Cor gleterre Guillen PORTIONS in the Reu scribing to parts of industry, especially have gene M. Léon for the im dillant in though no where in land and been so c lover of p merce, an On the o he has a to mistak rule for t accidents He unde Englishm phases of ordinary anomalies garded as task was to a forei pursued u aided by a tions can



ists, but, at the same time, doing little for the establishment of comprehensive views of nature. Experiments in however narrow a walk, facts of whatever minuteness, make reputations in scientific societies; all beyond is regarded with suspicion and distrust. The consequence is, that philosophy, as it exists amongst us, does nothing raise its votaries above the common ideas of their time. There can, therefore, be nothing more conclusive against our hypothesis in the disfavour of the scientific class, than in that of any other section of educated men. There is even less; for the position of scientific men with regard to the rest of the public is such, that they are rather eager to repudiate, than to embrace general views, seeing how unpopular these usually are. The reader may here be reminded, that there is such a thing in human nature as coming to venerate the prejudices which we are compelled to treat tenderly, because it is felt to be better to be consistent at the sacrifice of even judgment and conscience than to have a war always going on between the cherished and the avowed. Accordingly, in the case of a particular doctrine, which, however unjustly, is regarded as having an obnoxious tendency, it is not surprising that scientific men view it with not less hostility than the common herd. For the very purpose of maintaining their own respect in the concessions they have to make, they naturally wish to find all possible objections to any such theory as that of progressive development, exaggerating every difficulty in its way, rejecting, wherever they can, the evidence in its favour, and extenuating what they cannot reject; in short, taking all the well recognized means which have been so often employed in keeping back advancing truths."

We would, however, remind the author that it is from this scientific class alone that all great discoveries have emanated, and we know of no great generalization that has ever been made by a man unacquainted with the details on which it rests. That the author is not intimately acquainted with any department of science we have his own statement, and his work abundantly proves it. He may, however, console himself that he has thrown together many of the facts of science in an interesting manner, and produced a book which may in some manner serve as an outline to the vast range of the natural sciences.

*Social Condition of England—[Études sur l'Angleterre].* Par M. Léon Faucher. Paris, Guillemin.

PORTIONS of this work have already appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The chapters describing the physical and moral condition of parts of London, and of the great centres of industry, Liverpool and Manchester, have more especially been subjected to much scrutiny, and have generally sustained the test of examination. M. Léon Faucher possesses many qualifications for the important task he has undertaken; he is diligent in research and patient in investigation; though not free from national prejudice, he nowhere in this work exhibits that dislike of England and her institutions which has of late years been so common with French writers; he is a lover of peace, an advocate of unrestricted commerce, and a friend of the working classes. On the other hand, it must be confessed, that he has a tendency to generalize too rapidly, to mistake the exception for the rule and the rule for the exception, and to represent mere accidents as the necessary results of a system. He undertook to explore localities of which Englishmen themselves know little, to examine phases of social life which are shrouded from ordinary observation, and to elucidate moral anomalies which had not previously been regarded as problems requiring solution. Such a task was one that offered enormous difficulties to a foreigner: the results of the investigations pursued under the authority of the Government, aided by all the machinery which Royal Commissions can command, have not always been found

to agree with subsequent and more extended inquiries; it was, therefore, to be expected that a foreigner, however intelligent, or however honest, should fall into some errors while exploring a subject at once difficult in its nature, wide in its range, and novel in its aspect. The external features of life in those districts of the metropolis which are all but wholly unknown to the great mass of the residents in London, are generally depicted by M. Faucher with great vigour, but with more of exaggeration than is justifiable in a statistician. Take, for instance, his description of part of Whitechapel:—

In Whitechapel, were it not for the perpetual fog of this climate, one might imagine himself in some town of Southern Europe. The countenances that present themselves to notice have no characteristics of the English type; the habits of life are those that you find in the street of Toledo, at Naples, in the Quarter of St. John at Marseilles, or in the Rue Mouffetard, at Paris. Englishmen live secluded in their houses, which they deem the castles of private life, but the gipsy population of this district lives in the open street. Laughing women sit at their thresholds or work at their open windows to have a better view of the crowd. Venders of eatables exhibit their cooking apparatus in the open air. The smell of vegetables and fish frying on the pan infects the lanes and alleys. Apple-women and old-clothesmen stop the passers. The cries of the various traffickers, the noise of conversation across the pavement or from window to window, the quarrels of children, the songs heard from the gin-palaces, make an aggregate of sounds, the Southern gaiety of which bewilders the spectator to such a degree that he cannot believe himself to be within two steps of the Tower, and on the very verge of the City.

Great care has been bestowed on the description of St. Giles's, but more with a view to striking effect than to strict accuracy:—

St. Giles's has two sorts of inhabitants: a sedentary population, composed of small shop-keepers, lodgers, receivers of stolen goods, as well as the lowest class of publicans, proprietors of coffee-shops, purveyors of public amusements, &c.; and a floating population, of which thieves and prostitutes form the nucleus. The object of the latter is the enjoyment of life; the object of the former is gain. The robbers rule,—the rest obey, in the hope of acquiring the profits of their ignoble industry. Everything is disposed according to their taste, and for their convenience. There are coffee-houses where, in spite of the regulations of the police, they may spend the night in gambling, in smoking, and in recounting their exploits. Elsewhere balls are given to them, as well as concerts and scenic representations, to which their concubines are admitted. Those who prefer repose after the success of the day are received into common rooms, for three or four pence each, and some of these haunts contain as many as fifty beds. Those who have no money and cannot easily obtain credit lie under the porches of the theatres, in the markets, or in unfinished buildings. Others have a residence, and maintain some state in their houses, living like great speculators, until, as they say, the chances turn against them.

A perverse love of generalization has induced M. Faucher to take Whitechapel as the type of the pauperism, and St. Giles's as the type of the crime of London; but it is the peculiarity of the British metropolis, that neither its pauperism nor its crime is localized. There is no such uniformity of demoralization to be found in any part of St. Giles's as in the Isle of the City of Paris; even the Rookery, before invaded by the march of brick and mortar, contained many families of honest and industrious labourers. On the other hand, we could name many localities in parishes of aristocratic repute which may compete with Saffron Hill or Field Lane.

M. Faucher has pictured many revolting scenes of deplorable misery in the metropolis, but he has not observed that a great portion of the distress he described was of a temporary nature, arising from the condition of the manufacturing districts at the close of 1841, and the

commencement of 1842; the facilities afforded by railroads have rendered London very sensitive of distress in Lancashire: every stagnation of the cotton trade produces a marked and increasing effect on the pauperism of the metropolis.

We shall examine a few more of our author's sketches before investigating his arguments, not merely because he is more picturesque than accurate, but because there is more instructive novelty in his descriptions than in his statistics. The relations between Liverpool and Manchester are thus clearly stated:—

Nowhere are the bonds which unite commerce and industry more lightly drawn. Liverpool and Manchester are, to some extent, identified; should the establishments of the one fail, those of the other could not continue. Nay, more,—these two towns, which represent human industry carried to the summit of perfection, would have been impossible without each other. The commerce of Liverpool would not have attained its colossal dimensions, if it had not the factories of Manchester behind it to consume its imports, and furnish materials for its exports. Manchester, in its turn, would have been vainly seated amid its exhaustless beds of coal to effect miracles in mechanical invention, and to possess a race combining boldness with coolness, and intelligence with energy, if the merchants of Liverpool had not been there to expedite its produce to the four quarters of the globe. Separate Liverpool from Manchester, and you will have some decaying port like Plymouth or Bristol. Divide Manchester from its commercial port, and you will lower this metropolis of industry to the rank of Leeds or Nottingham.

Turn we now to the description of Liverpool:—

He who wishes to know Liverpool must visit it at night, by the light of the gas which illuminates the streets. In the day every one devotes himself to his business with an incessant activity, which allows no respite, so that the constant movement produces the same stupefying effect as inaction. When night comes, the town rouses itself to animation for some hours; work is everywhere at an end; the population thinks only of pleasure. If there is not the same gaiety as at Naples, there is as much excitement.

This phenomenon of an English town enjoying itself is particularly visible on Saturday night. Saturday evening is every week in Liverpool what the morning of Ash-Wednesday is once a-year in the Catholic States on the Continent. Figure to yourself a bacchanalian revel at the threshold of a place of worship. On this day the workmen and sailors have received their pay; the merchants and clerks, having regulated their ledgers, have leisure for relaxation. Who will profit by these liberal dispositions except the publicans, the shopkeepers, the girls of the town, and the pickpockets? The shops are open and resplendent with light till midnight. Hawkers, crying their goods, make a clamour quite stunning. Children run through your legs; women go to the hucksters, to pay the accounts of the last week and arrange for the supply of the next; men crowd the gin-palaces, get drunk, and fight in the street; girls of the town appear in swarms, and almost seize the passengers by force; pickpockets, arranged in gangs, increase the pressure of the crowd to favour the pursuit of their avocations. Finally, the police, which has to watch over this universal agitation, is obliged to multiply its movements. I pity the stranger who would trust himself alone as the observer of such an orgie. He would feel a terrible isolation, as if he was placed between two armies ready for combat. The police could give him little aid, for at this time the vigilance of repression causes the vigilance of protection to be forgotten. But twelve o'clock strikes; the orgie is at an end—all the doors are closed, and the crowds disperse. It is Sunday. Nothing is heard in the streets but the whistle of malefactors calling each other, and the crash of the iron-shod staff of the inspectors of police, to warn the watchers of the night to be vigilant and active.

There is some exaggeration in this graphic



sketch, but at the same time there is enough of truth in the general features to enable us to recognize the picture. It should, however, have been stated, that these scenes are confined to a few streets, and that the nuisance has been greatly abated within the last three years. M. Faucher's account of Manchester has been translated, and so extensively circulated that it is not necessary to make any extracts from it. Manchester, indeed, may be regarded as in a state of transition; the facilities afforded by the railroads have increased the tendency to the spread of manufacturing establishments in the rural districts, and to the dispersion over a wide surface of the masses that had been accumulated in the towns. The account given of the origin of the Anti-Corn Law League will be new to most of our readers, and we have reason to know that it is substantially correct:—

In the month of August, 1838, Dr. Birney having collected the operatives of Bolton in the theatre of that town to hear a lecture on the Corn Laws, was unable to address the audience; he was hissed and hooted, and flight was necessary to save him from the indignation of the crowd. One of the spectators, Mr. Paulton, full of sympathy for the doctrines, and moved by the danger of the lecturer, hastened to the stage, delivered an extempore lecture, and covered the retreat of Doctor Birney. He subsequently repeated his lectures, and became the organ by which twenty thousand were enabled to petition against the Corn Laws, for they were too poor to purchase the paper on which the expression of their opinion was to be inscribed. The people of Manchester were far from suspecting the mine of agitation that was about to be opened at their doors. It was Doctor Bowring, then representative of Blackburn, but now of Bolton, who went to seek Mr. Paulton to produce him on a larger theatre. Dr. Bowring, Mr. Prentice, the editor of the *Manchester Times*, and Mr. J. B. Smith, served as sponsors to the new doctrine before a public which, on this occasion, was only anxious to be persuaded. The movement soon gained the other manufacturers. Messrs. Paulton and Smith were invited to Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Coventry, Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby. Warned of the greatness of his mission by the enthusiasm which was everywhere manifested, Mr. Smith judged the moment favourable for a decisive movement, and returning with all speed to Manchester, he convened a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce to deliberate on a petition to Parliament for the total and immediate abolition of the Corn Laws. The assembly which was about to adopt this resolution adequately represented the industrial aristocracy. It included seven county magistrates, the mayor, and the eight aldermen of the borough, and a crowd of manufacturers brought together from all parts of the country. One of them employed six thousand operatives; another, in conjunction with his brothers, set in motion thirty steam-engines; and there were six present, each of whom paid annually 2,000*l.* in poor-rates.

The accounts which M. Léon Faucher has given of Leeds, Birmingham, and other manufacturing towns, are not so much the result of personal observation as compilations from parliamentary reports and statistical returns. He has employed these with considerable skill to support his views of the 'Social Condition of England,' and though we dissent from many of his conclusions, we must say that he has generally stated his evidence with fairness and candour. We do not attribute any importance to such matters as the royal assent being given to Bills in Norman-French, nor to the anomalies of local legislation, and see no reason to prefer the administration of justice by stationary judges to our own ancient system. These are points on which discussion would be wasted; it is of far more importance to inquire whether there is such a tendency in English society, as it is now constituted, as threatens to produce a land divided between Cresuses and paupers. This is the consummation with which M. Faucher

menaces us in a variety of forms; "England," he says, "reminds me in many respects of the aspect of Italy during the Decline of the Roman Empire, when the land, converted into gardens, nourished only patricians and their slaves."

That there are many social anomalies in England, that the rich are often too rich and the poor too poor, may be safely conceded; but that these evils would be remedied by assimilating the tenure of property to the system prevailing in France, may be doubted. It is an advantage for a nation to be linked by its forms and institutions with the history of its past. From this circumstance the English have derived their habits of order and obedience to law, which renders London safer under the protection of a few hundred policemen than Paris though garrisoned by an army. M. Faucher infers the degradation of the working classes from the alleged fact, that the rate of wages has not risen in the same proportion as the general wealth of the nation; but his evidence of the fact is, that while more than half-a-million possess incomes above 150*l.* a year, the wages of a hand-loom weaver are less than 5*s.* per week. This is an instance of the hasty generalization to which M. Faucher is so prone. The hand-loom weaver is no fair specimen of the operative class, for special circumstances have deteriorated his position, and his case is purely exceptional.

The chapters on the Factory System, the Employment of Women and Children, the History of Strikes and Trades' Unions, are injured by many errors of detail, which seriously detract from the value of his conclusions. To discuss these subjects with any profit, more than one article should be devoted to the consideration of each, and even then the investigation would be open to cavil. While, however, we feel it necessary to protest against the sweeping conclusions which M. Faucher has based on slender evidence, we must, in justice, add, that he is an enlightened observer; that his work contains much that is interesting and much that is instructive, and may be studied with advantage even on this side of the Channel.

*The European Library, Vol. I. Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent. By William Roscoe. With a Memoir of the Author. Bogue.*

THIS is the first volume of a new undertaking, in many respects entitled to our praise. It is the cheapest volume that has fallen under our notice, for though extending to five hundred pages (and each succeeding volume is to consist of between four hundred and fifty and five hundred), of excellent type and paper, with a good portrait of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and richly bound in cloth, the price is only 3*s.* 6*d.* Again (and in our view this is of far greater moment), the series is to consist of works of a much higher character than any that have yet adorned our periodical literature, viz., "the best works of the best authors." That this is not merely a vague promise, made by one insensible of the responsibilities which it involves, we are inclined to infer from the announcement that the proprietor "holds that the highest efforts of human intellect, emanating, as, for the most part, they have done, from men of the people, are perfectly intelligible to the people; and that for the future elevation of the public mind nothing is needed but to present to it, in a tangible form, the combined mind of the past." Hence "the great literary works of every country and of all time" are to characterize 'The European Library.' We are further promised that one leading feature of the series shall be "the works of the chief historians of literature, the Wartons, the Tiraboschis, the Sismondis, the Bouterweks, the Guingénés;" and if this

pledge alone be fulfilled, Mr. Bogue will have done more for sound literature than any publisher of this country or of this age. All this, it may be truly said, is merely promise, which may or may not be realized; and so often, on similar occasions, has the public expectation been disappointed, that men even of ordinary caution will wait before they place implicit confidence in its fulfilment. If such caution be natural to anybody, it is surely so to us, who have seen so much of the lamentable difference between a design announced and its execution. But from the specimen already before us, we are disposed to augur more favourably than we are wont to do of the general conduct of the undertaking. Nobody can deny that there is an admirable commencement in Roscoe's first historical production; and we sincerely hope that it will be followed by his more elaborate, though not more able, 'Life and Pontificate of Leo X.' Let the publisher continue as he has commenced—let him punctually feed the popular mind, not with froth, but with substantial fare,—not abridged, but in *ipsisimis verbis* of the best authors, and we shall have little doubt of its success. It will be alike the interest and duty of the public to support him, and he shall certainly not want our assistance. We shall watch his progress with an anxiety proportioned to our desire that the popular mind should have nobler subjects for its exercise than it has yet had—that learning and genius unemasculated should take the place of the insipid compilations and useless abridgments which have hitherto been the only things judged worthy of it. Our pseudo-benefactors of the people have found them ignorant, and left them so. Our cheap literature has been of little use, except in so far as it may have created a relish for something better. How could it, when the lives of all Napoleon's marshals and statesmen were compressed in one small volume—'The History of the Italian Republics' in another—all the eminent literary men of Europe in scarcely so much space as would be required for one of them? What rational being would ever be the better for such books—no matter what honesty of purpose or what amount of talent (though there has been no great abundance of either), might be applied to such meagre epitomes? Thus it is that the best subjects have been sacrificed—that France, and Poland, and the Netherlands; that Shakspeare, Milton, and Cervantes; that the Christian Church and her separatists; that philosophy, moral and intellectual—have been rendered so many dry, abrupt, confused themes. Fortunately, other subjects of equal interest, and of even greater importance, have been overlooked, as if wholly undeserving of popular notice. This pitiful economy has reigned long enough, and is now disappearing—thanks to Messrs. Chapman & Hall and their 'Foreign Library,' and (as we hope we may now say) to Mr. Bogue. Whether this salutary change be attributable to editors and publishers, or to the indifference of the people themselves, who have at length discovered that small books may be great evils, we shall not be so nice as to inquire. Whatever the cause, we joyfully hail the effect.

If Mr. Bogue is really determined to redeem his pledge of publishing "the best works of the best authors" of "every country and of all time"—"the great divines, scholars, poets, philosophers," of the world, whose works are to be rendered "household things"—he has indeed a range before him as vast as it is noble. Some among the best productions of human learning and genius still slumber in their original garb, as inaccessible to English readers as the fabled abode of Arthur. The Spanish, the Portuguese, the French (especially the Norman branch of

it), the Italian, stores to which we have derived merely, but in regard to a literary celebrity 'Leo X.,' Mr. Roscoe attaches choice, though he has led him to those of the ardent vancemen X.) in the child war and nine have been at thirteen dinal! M other enction. H animadv (not alwa But yet h nor so st nent. O for thoug the polic hierarchy candour. Roman C that com gauge; i in the ey into the e But, re we conte ready to and, in Italy (at more tha adorn Fl "The parts of Italy (f this str cients, be improv the world been instr ages, for t as it were In this res Cosmo, sisted bet long visi to Italy, the choice destructio transferre science, pursued and made tions whic of his ow Lorenzo i tion of m tian Libr having ra pursuit in nevered n enlarging 'We nee writing to acquirem which yo

it), the Italian, and even the German, have yet stores to offer us, equal in value to any that we have derived from them—stores not of this age merely, but of former times.

In regard to 'Lorenzo de' Medici,' considered as a literary production that has been now half a century before the public, we have little to say. Its own merits have given it an European celebrity; but we may observe of it, as of 'Leo X.,' that it is too favourable to the subject. Mr. Roscoe has more, perhaps, of that natural attachment, which every author feels for his choice, than the class generally; and this bias has led him to give a colouring to circumstances, and to draw inferences from facts, scarcely warranted by his sources of information. Whatever the services of Lorenzo to Florence (and they were neither few nor small), he was certainly quite as attentive to his own interests and those of his family as to anything else. Witness the ardour with which he prosecuted the advancement of his son Giovanni (afterwards Leo X.) in the Church. At seven years of age the child was admitted into holy orders; at eight and nine he held rich preferments, and would have been archbishop, but for a miscalculation; at thirteen he was raised to the dignity of cardinal! Mr. Roscoe, indeed, mentions these and other enormities, but without much condemnation. Hence it is that he has fallen under the animadversions of Sismondi, and been compelled (not always successfully) to vindicate himself. But yet his predilections are neither so frequent nor so strong as those of his celebrated opponent. On the whole, he is a moderate writer; for though he is sometimes compelled to accuse the policy of the popes, and the vices of the hierarchy, he does so with temper and with candour. In this respect he might pass for a Roman Catholic,—and many are the writers of that communion who have used stronger language; but his moderation has been no merit in the eyes of Rome, which put both his works into the 'Index.'

But, reverting to Lorenzo de' Medici, when we contemplate his patronage of letters, we are ready to forgive his private ambition. To him, and, in a smaller degree, to his ancestors, is Italy (and we may add Europe) indebted for more than one of the noble libraries which now adorn Florence:—

"The establishment of public libraries in different parts of Italy, whilst it was one of the first consequences of this striking predilection for the works of the ancients, became in its turn the active cause of further improvement. To no description of individuals is the world more indebted, than to those who have been instrumental in preserving the wisdom of past ages, for the use of those to come, and thereby giving, as it were, a general sensorium to the human race. In this respect great obligations are due to the venerable Cosmo. From the intercourse that in his time subsisted between Florence and Constantinople, and the long visits made by the Greek prelates and scholars to Italy, he had the best opportunity of obtaining the choicest treasures of ancient learning: and the destruction of Constantinople may be said to have transferred to Italy all that remained of eastern science. After the death of Cosmo, his son Piero, pursued with steady perseverance the same object and made important additions to the various collections which Cosmo had begun, particularly to that of his own family. But although the ancestors of Lorenzo laid the foundation of the immense collection of manuscripts, since denominated the Laurentian Library, he may himself claim the honour of having raised the superstructure. If there was any pursuit in which he engaged more ardently, and persevered more diligently than the rest, it was that of enlarging his collection of books and antiquities. 'We need not wonder,' says Niccolò Leonicensio writing to Politiano, 'at your eloquence and your acquirements, when we consider the advantages which you derive from the favour of Lorenzo de'

Medici, the great patron of learning in this age; whose messengers are dispersed throughout every part of the earth, for the purpose of collecting books on every science, and who has spared no expense in procuring for your use, and that of others who may devote themselves to similar studies, the materials necessary for your purpose. I well remember the glorious expression of Lorenzo, which you repeated to me, that he wished the diligence of Pico and yourself would afford him such opportunities of purchasing books, that, his fortune proving insufficient, he might pledge even his furniture to possess them.' Acting under the influence of such impressions, we cannot wonder at the progress made by Lorenzo, in which he derived great assistance from Hieronymo Donato, Ermolao Barbaro, and Paolo Cortesi; but his principal coadjutor was Politiano, to whom he committed the care and arrangement of his collection, and who made excursions at intervals through Italy, to discover and purchase such remains of antiquity as suited the purposes of his patron. Two journeys, undertaken at the instance of Lorenzo, into the east, by Giovanni Lascari, produced a great number of rare and valuable works. On his return from his second expedition, he brought with him about two hundred copies, many of which he had procured from a monastery at Mount Athos; but this treasure did not arrive till after the death of Lorenzo, who in his last moments expressed to Politiano and Pico his regret that he could not live to complete the collection which he was forming for their accommodation. Stimulated by the example of Lorenzo, other eminent patrons of learning engaged in the same pursuit. Those who particularly distinguished themselves were Mattia Corvino, king of Hungary, and Frederigo, duke of Urbino, to both of whom Lorenzo gave permission to copy such of his manuscripts as they wished to possess; nothing being more consonant to his intentions than to diffuse the spirit of literature as extensively as possible."

Since the above was written, we have received the second volume of this European Library—Guizot's 'History of the English Revolution,' translated by William Hazlitt. The work is complete, has an Index, a thing indispensable, though not always to be met with in works of ten times the price, is printed in good legible type, on good paper, and is well bound—in brief, is worthy to be put on the library shelves at once. Such an enterprise surely deserves encouragement.

*Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations by Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols.*

[Second Notice.]

THE principal phase of Cromwell's mind which has, or ought to have, the most attraction, is its practical talent. This is the test of a truly great man; that his thoughts should be things, and become things in instantaneous act, and not for a moment mere speculations and abstractions, perpetually theorizing but never doing. This special point of his conduct, however, will be best demonstrated by a review of his character, whereby, if we mistake not, it will appear that, apart from all notions which the mere looker-on may conceive, there was to the actor a justifying motive for his conduct, having to him all the force of a moral law, and corroborated by the approbation of a conscience more or less instructed in the case, and in the rules proper to a judgment thereon. It might even be conceded that, from a deficiency of enlightenment, Cromwell was often mistaken; but he was sincere. At the period in which he lived there was much obscure that is now clear to us; and we must deal leniently with errors which belong rather to the time than to the man, and absolve Cromwell of a fault that belonged to his age.

Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon, on the 25th April, 1599. His family was more than respectable, even noble; and, on his mother's side, believed to have been connected with the royal Stuart family. He was educated at

the public school in his native place, under one Dr. Beard, with whom he corresponded till a late period in life, and of whose character Mr. Carlyle's succinct account may be taken,—“a grave, speculative, theological old gentleman, seemingly,—and on a level with the latest news from town.” Both by nurture and education, young Oliver was early familiarized with doctrinal controversies; adopted them not, therefore, of affectation or self-will, but as things of custom and domestic discipline—a circumstance which precludes them from the suspicion of being hypocritically assumed. Puritanism, in fact, had then become very general, including much mercantile wealth, much aristocratic dignity—not to insist, as Mr. Carlyle does, that “the far greater part of the serious thought and manhood of England had declared itself Puritan.” It must be conceded that the number of its adherents was great, and strong enough to keep in countenance a respectable family professing its tenets, and to justify a youth of good intellect in conforming to them. At sixteen years of age, Oliver was entered of Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge, under the tutorage of one Richard Howlet; and at eighteen he was left in charge of his father's estate and family. Whether he studied the law in London is doubtful; that he was a wild liver there, as generally stated, there is no reason to suppose. He married early—at the age of twenty-one years and four months—the daughter of Sir James Bouchier, at whose town-house he seems to have visited; with whom he then returned to his widowed mother's, and there resided, filling the public offices which his father had filled, the office of justice of the peace being one in which he was associated with Dr. Beard, his old schoolmaster, and one Robert Barnard, Esq. Some hypochondriacal moods, under which he occasionally suffered, are ascribed by Mr. Carlyle to certain religious emotions, which are well known as forming part of the experiences of the spiritually-minded in thought and feeling. His uncle, Sir Oliver, was already in Parliament, and continued so till the end of the session of 1625. Our Oliver did not enter Parliament until 1627-8, when he sat for his native town—an honour which he acquired evidently through his social position and his family rank. So little ambitious was Cromwell to distinguish himself in Parliament, that we find him dismissed in our ordinary histories as “no orator,” one of whom we might assume, that “if he had not embraced the profession of arms, when no less than forty-three years of age, it is probable that his talents and his crimes would have been equally unknown.” Against such current platitudes as this Mr. Carlyle's book is properly directed. It is not until the next Parliament that we find him recorded as a speaker, and then in connexion with a simple statement of fact, as related by his old schoolmaster, to the effect that a “Dr. Alabaster had preached flat popery at Paul's Cross; and that the Bishop of Winchester had commanded him, as his diocesan, that he should preach nothing contrary”—adding, that “Mainwaring, so justly censured in this House for his sermons, was, by the same bishop's means, preferred to a rich living. If these are the steps,” demanded Oliver, “to church preferment, what are we to expect?” This is the simple statement, showing the merely practical view taken by Cromwell of subjects. The House thought it worth while to make an order, and to summon Dr. Beard, “to testify against the Bishop,” which he was spared from doing by the violent dissolution of the Parliament a fortnight after; Sir John Eliot, as our readers know, dying in the Tower, where, with others, he had been imprisoned for detaining the Speaker in the chair.



In all this, certainly, is to be traced nothing of ambition—only a man doing what he found in the path of duty, according to the light of the principles in which he had been educated. After the dissolution of Parliament, Oliver Cromwell returned to Huntingdon, whence he afterwards removed to St. Ives, little dreaming of political power. The first notice we have of him subsequently is a letter, relative to a Lectureship under the "Feoffee Fund," in which he took an early interest, and the injudicious interference of Laud with which was the beginning of troubles. But on this topic Mr. Carlyle shall himself speak:—

"The grievance of Lay Impropriations, complained of in the Hampton-Court Conference twenty years ago, having never been abated, and many parts of the country being still thought insufficiently supplied with Preachers, a plan was this year fallen upon to raise by subscription, among persons grieved in that state of matters, a Fund for buying-in such Impropriations as might offer themselves; for supporting good ministers therewith, in destitute places; and for otherwise encouraging the ministerial work. The originator of this scheme was 'the famous Dr. Preston,' a Puritan College Doctor of immense 'fame' in those and in prior years; courted even by the Duke of Buckingham, and tempted by the gleam of bishopricks; but mouldering now in great oblivion, not famous to any man. His scheme, however, was found good. The wealthy London Merchants, almost all of them Puritans, took it up; and by degrees the wealthy Puritans over England at large. Considerable ever-increasing funds were subscribed for this pious object; were vested in 'Feoffees,'—who afterwards made some noise in the world under that name. They gradually purchase some Advowsons or Impropriations, such as came to market; and hired, or assisted in hiring, a great many 'Lecturers,' persons not generally in full 'Priest's-orders' (having scruples about the ceremonies), but in 'Deacon's' or some other orders, with permission to preach, to 'lecture,' as it was called: whom accordingly we find 'lecturing' in various places, under various conditions, in the subsequent years;—often in some market-town, 'on market-day'; on 'Sunday afternoon,' as supplemental to the regular Priest when he might happen to be idle, or given to black and white surplices; or as 'running Lecturers,' now here, now there, over a certain district. They were greatly followed by the serious part of the community; and gave proportional offence in other quarters. In some years hence, they had risen to such a height, these Lecturers, that Dr. Laud, now come into authority, took them seriously in hand, and with patient detail hunted them mostly out; nay, brought the Feoffees themselves and their whole Enterprise into the Star-chamber, and there, with emphasis enough, and heavy damages, amid huge rumour from the public, suppressed them. This was in 1633; a somewhat strong measure. How would the Public take it now, if—we say not the gate of Heaven, but the gate of the Opposition Hustings were suddenly shut against mankind—if our Opposition Newspapers, and their morning Prophecies, were suppressed! That Cromwell was a contributor to this Feoffee Fund, and a zealous forwarder of it according to his opportunities, we might already guess; and by and by there will occur some vestige of direct evidence to that effect."

It was in the year 1633 that the Feoffees and their lecturers were finally checkmated by Laud, in the Star Chamber. From the letter above alluded to, however, it is probable that the Puritans still continued secretly to subscribe, and to forward lectureships where possible; at any rate, Oliver Cromwell and others still continued to concern themselves with the matter. The letter is dated 11th January, 1635:—

"Worth noting, and curious to think of, since it is indisputable: On the very day while Oliver Cromwell was writing this Letter at St. Ives, two obscure individuals, 'Peter Aldridge and Thomas Lane, Assessors of Shipmoney,' over in Buckinghamshire, had assembled a Parish Meeting in the Church of Great Kimble, to assess and rate the Shipmoney of the said Parish: there, in the cold weather, at the

foot of the Chiltern Hills, '11 January, 1635,' the Parish did attend, 'John Hampden, Esquire,' at the head of them, and by a return still extant, refused to pay the same or any portion thereof.—witness the above 'Assessors,' witness also two 'Parish Constables' whom we remit from such unexpected celebrity. John Hampden's share for this Parish is thirty-one shillings and sixpence; for another Parish it is twenty shillings; on which latter sum, not on the former, John Hampden was tried."

Mr. Carlyle is fond of noting such coincidences—it is a point on which he is evidently, with all his indifferentism, somewhat superstitious. The next letter we quote in *extenso*, together with Mr. Carlyle's annotations, because it is that on the sole evidence of which his hero's early life has been charged with licentiousness. Properly interpreted, it will be found to demonstrate the reverse:—

"To my beloved Cousin Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham his House called Otes, in Essex: present these.

Ely, 13th October, 1638.

"Dear Cousin,—I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas, you do too highly prize my lines, and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent. Yet to honour my God by declaring what He hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly, then, this I find: That He giveth springs in a dry barren wilderness where no water is. I live, you know where,—in Meshech, which they say signifies *Prolonging*; in Kedar, which signifies *Blackness*: yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will I trust bring me to His Tabernacle, to His resting-place. My soul is with the Congregation of the Firstborn, my body rests in hope: and if here I may honour my God either by doing or by suffering, I shall be most glad. Truly no poor creature has more cause to put himself forth in the cause of His God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in His Son, and give me to walk in the light,—and give us to walk in the light, as He is the light? He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say, He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it:—blessed be His Name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. O the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me;—pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ. Salute all my friends in that family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them; and that my Son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them. Salute your Husband and Sister from me:—He is not a man of his word! He promised to write about Mr. Wrath of Epping; but as yet I receive no letters: put him in mind to do what with convenience may be done for the poor Cousin I did solicit him about. Once more farewell. The Lord be with you: so prayeth your truly loving Cousin,

"OLIVER CROMWELL."

"There are two or perhaps three sons of Cromwell's at Felsted School by this time: a likely enough guess is that he might have been taking Dick over to Felsted on that occasion when he came round by Otes, and gave such comfort by his speech to the pious Mashams, and to the young Cousin, now on a summer visit at Ot s. What glimpses of long-gone summers; of long-gone human beings in fringed trowser-breeches, in starched ruff, in hood and fardingale;—alive, they, within their antiquarian costumes, living men and women; instructive, very interesting to one another! Mrs. St. John came down to breakfast every morning in that summer visit of the year 1638, and Sir William said grave grace, and they spake polite devout things to one another; and they are vanished, they and their

things and speeches—all silent, like the echoes of the old nightingales that sang that season, like the blossoms of the old roses. O Death, O Time!—For the soul's furniture of these brave people is grown not less unintelligible, antiquarian, than their Spanish boots and lappet caps. Reverend Mark Noble, my reverend imbecile friend, discovers in this Letter clear evidence that Oliver was once a very dissolute man; that Carrion Heath spake truth in that *Flagellum* Balderdash of his. O my reverend imbecile friend, hadst thou thyself never any moral life, but only a sensitive and digestive? Thy soul never longed towards the serene heights, all hidden from thee; and thirsted as the hart in dry places wherein no waters be? It was never a sorrow for thee that the eternal pole-star had gone out, veiled itself in dark clouds;—a sorrow only that this or the other noble Patron forgot thee when a living fell vacant? I have known Christians, Moslems, Me thodists,—and, alas, also reverend irreverent Apes by the Dead Sea! O modern reader, dark as this Letter may seem, I will advise thee to make an attempt towards understanding it. There is in it a 'tradition of humanity' worth all the rest. Indisputable certificate that man once had a soul; that man once walked with God,—his little Life a sacred island girdled with Eternities and Godhoods. Was it not a time for heroes? Heroes were then possible. I say, thou shalt understand that Letter; thou also, looking out into a too brutish world, wilt then exclaim with Oliver Cromwell,—with Hebrew David, as old Mr. Rouse of Truro, and the Presbyterian populations, still sing him in the Northern Kirks:

Woe's me that I in Meshech am  
A sojourner so long,  
Or that I in the tents do dwell  
To Kedar that belong!

Yes, there is a tone in the soul of this Oliver that holds of the Perennial. With a noble sorrow, with a noble patience, he longs towards the mark of the prize of the high calling. He, I think, has chosen the better part. The world and its wild tumults,—if they will but let him alone! Yet he too will venture, will do and suffer for God's cause, if he call come. What man with better reason? He hath had plentiful wages beforehand; snatched out of darkness into marvellous light; he will never earn the least mite. Annihilation of self; *Selbstlöschung*, as Novalis calls it; casting yourself at the footstool of God's throne, 'To live or to die for ever; as Thou wilt, not as I will.' Brother, hadst thou never, in any form, such moments in thy history? Thou knowest them not, even by credible rumour? Well, thy earthly path was peaceableness, I suppose. But the Highest was never in thee, the Highest will never come out of thee. Thou shalt at best abide by the stuff; as cherished house-dog, guard the stuff,—perhaps with enormous gold-collars and provender: but the battle, and the hero-death, and victory's fire-chariot carrying men to the Immortals, shall never be thine. I pity thee; brag not, or I shall have to despise thee."

The same tone and temper of mind is indicated in the counsel which Cromwell gave to Hampden after the battle of Edgehill—and which, in our previous paper [p. 1166] was related in his own words—counsel which, had it proceeded from Napoleon, would have been attributed to genius, but in Cromwell is properly ascribed to piety. We recognize in him and his acts a practical understanding enlightened by religion and devoted to a specific religious cause—a cause which was in existence at his birth, and grew and strengthened throughout the period of his manhood; one which was as living in Scotland as in England, and which brought into coalition or opposition the highest and lowest members of society. No man was exempt from responsibility in this great strife, and least of all such minds as Cromwell, which, from their elevation, give earliest notice of the coming dawn—the day-spring from on high when about to visit nations. Alas! (to adopt Körner's beautiful image) that the blushes of its morning have ever been the blood-tints of martyrdom—that the epochs of regeneration have ever commenced in conflict and slaughter! But to proceed. It was not

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till 1640 that Englishmen had again (the first time in eleven years) the power of expressing their sentiments in Parliament, and then only for a session of three weeks, during which Cromwell sat for Cambridge Town. This was "the Short Parliament;" the next was "the Long Parliament;" for between the two the English Puritan and the Scotch Gospeller had fraternized—an army of the latter having crossed the Tweed and the Tyne, taken Newcastle, Northumberland and Durham, and driven the King into a treaty. Cromwell was again member for Cambridge Town; deeply sympathizing with the religious movement, studying carefully "the reasons of the Scots for the Uniformity of Religion desired by them," while the country at large was getting up Petitions and Remonstrances against episcopacy and superstition. A passage in Clarendon's Life represents Cromwell at this time as exceedingly vehement, apparently more intent on seeing justice done by Committee of Parliament to the tenants of the Soke of Somersham, near St. Ives, in a matter of inclosure, than observant of the courtesies of debate and the rules of the House. Herein we may apprehend a type of the man; more solicitous for truth than respective of forms, and confining his attention rather to the business that immediately appertained to his private position than ambitious of leadership in the great question which had long agitated the empire. Charles, at this time, little thought of Cromwell as his opponent, little thought of conciliating him when he speculated on a Puritan ministry, comprising Pym, Hampden, Holles, and Oliver St. John, whom, in the end of January, 1641, he made Solicitor-General. Neither was Cromwell included in the five members whom his majesty, on the 4th of January, in the next year, took the fatal step of personally demanding from the House. It is not long after, however, that we find him in full activity:—

"February 7th. 'Mr. Cromwell,' among others, 'offers to lend Three hundred Pounds for the service of the Commonwealth,'—towards reducing the Irish Rebellion, and relieving the afflicted Protestants there, or here. Rushworth, copying a List of such subscribers, of date 9th April 1642, has Cromwell's name written down for '500*l*.'—seemingly the same transaction: Mr. Cromwell having now mended his offer; or else Mr. Rushworth, who uses the arithmetical cipher in this place, having misprinted. Hampden's subscription there is 1,000*l*. In Mr. Cromwell it is clear there is no backwardness, far from that; his activity in these months notably increases. In the D'Ewes MSS. he appears and reappears; suggesting this and the other practical step, on behalf of Ireland oftenest; in all ways zealously urging the work.

"July 15th. 'Mr. Cromwell moved that we might make an order to allow the Townsmen of Cambridge to raise two Companies of Volunteers and to appoint Captains over them.' On which same day, 15th July, the Commons Clerk writes these words: 'Whereas Mr. Cromwell hath sent down arms into the County of Cambridge, for the defence of that County, it is this day ordered,'—that he shall have the '100*l*.' expended on that service, repaid him by and by. Is Mr. Cromwell aware that there lies a colour of high treason in all this; risk not of one's purse only, but of one's head? Mr. Cromwell is aware of it, and pauses not. The next entry is still stranger.

"August 15th. 'Mr. Cromwell in Cambridgeshire has seized the Magazine in the Castle at Cambridge; and hath hindered the carrying of the Plate from that University; which, as some report, was to the value of 20,000*l*.' or thereabouts.' So does Sir Philip Stapleton, member for Aldborough, member also of our new 'Committee for Defence of the Kingdom,' report this day. For which let Mr. Cromwell have indemnity.—Mr. Cromwell has gone down into Cambridgeshire in person, since they began to train there, and assumed the chief management,—to some effect it would appear. The like was going on in all

shires of England; wherever the Parliament had a zealous member, it sent him down to his shire in these critical months, to take what management he could or durst. The most confused months England ever saw. In every shire, in every parish; in court-houses, alehouses, churches, markets, whosoever men were gathered together, England, with sorrowful confusion in every fibre, is tearing itself into hostile halves, to carry on the voting by pike and bullet henceforth."

Public business now demanded that the farmer of St. Ives—that the Justice of Peace for his native town, should become a leader in council and a man of war. By the next September we find Cromwell a captain in the Parliamentary army; his eldest son, too, is a cornet. "How a staid, most pacific, solid farmer of three-and-forty decides on girding himself with warlike iron, and fighting, he and his, against principalities and powers," says Mr. Carlyle, "let readers who have formed any notion of this man conceive for themselves."

*The Archaeological Album; or, Museum of National Antiquities.* Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A. Parts I. to VI. Chapman & Hall.

THE volume before us (consisting of six parts) we intend to examine apart from all the extrinsic considerations which might so naturally be connected with it. We take it up, therefore, without reference to either of the Societies which have so recently been brought under the public notice, or to the question how far the editor's other engagements should have prevented his embarking in it.

At the very first glance, all archaeologists will be startled at the name. To render an album the depository of antiquarian lore, is at least a novelty; and unfortunately, from the very first, it leaves an impression that the lore it contains is fit only for a drawing-room. That impression is immediately confirmed by the appearance and price of the work. Five sheets only of letter-press, and large type, for five shillings, is certainly such a proportion as the drawing-room only would tolerate. We are not, indeed, unaware of the expense of the embellishments; but are still of opinion that, if some of them had been dispensed with, and either more letter-press added, or the price reduced, the public would have been more satisfied. These objections (too obvious to escape anybody) *in limine*. Let us now see whether the quality of the contents confirms or destroys the impression to which we have adverted.

The whole of Part I. is occupied with an account of the Archaeological Meeting at Canterbury, in the autumn of 1844. As the proceedings of this meeting had previously been published, no great novelty could be expected from this Part. And in regard both to it and the subsequent ones, we perceive that the greater portion of the contents (sometimes in extracts of considerable length) is derived from sources accessible enough to all but drawing-room readers. Still some of the details may be perused with advantage by another and more numerous class—those who have not leisure for consulting elaborate works. It is so with respect to the ruins of "Richborough," the ancient Rutupie:—

"Richborough castle appears to have been the citadel of the town of Rutupie, which probably lay on the slope of the hill to the north and west, on which sides were the entrances to the fortress. It appears that, in Camden's time, the ground on the site of the town still presented marks of the lines of streets; for, he says of it, 'Time has devoured every trace [of it]; and, to teach us that cities are as perishable as men, it is now a cornfield, where, when the corn is grown up, one may see the traces of the streets intersecting each other. For, wherever the

streets have run, the corn grows thin, which the common people call *St. Austin's Cross*.' It is the old story, *jam seges ubi Troja fuit*. But Time itself has been almost powerless before the mighty mass of the walls above."

It is, indeed, the old story; but, old as it is, the mind is still powerfully affected by such scenes. Everybody who has stood on the site of an old Roman or Saxon fortress, the ruins of which have been long covered by the waving heath or the scanty grass, has had little difficulty in peopling the now solitary waste with the figures of antiquity. As the stately followers of Severus, or Constantine, or the savage ones of Hengist or the northern Alfreð, have swept before him—evoked by an imagination powerful as the magician's wand—how deeply have we been impressed with the instability of human things, and the utter vanity of human fame! The mighty works raised by some hero of a mighty nation, and promising to be as imperishable as the mountains around, have, in many instances, left not even a vestige on which the eye can rest: the plough or the spade only can tell us that such things have been! And where is the once famous builder? Not only his name and his age, but his very nation, is unknown!

At Harbledown was a hospital for lepers, built by Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury. When lepers disappeared, old and infirm men supplied their place in this, as in most similar establishments throughout Christendom. The place is worth notice from a custom connected with it, and mentioned by Erasmus, in one of his Colloquies:—

"*Og*.—In the road to London, not far from Canterbury, is a way extremely hollow, as well as narrow, and also steep, the bank being on each side so craggy that there is no escaping; nor can it by any means be avoided. On the left-hand side of the road is an almshouse of some old men, one of whom runs out as soon as they perceive a horseman approaching, and after sprinkling him with holy water, offers him the upper leather of a shoe bound with brass, in which a piece of glass is set like a gem. This is kissed, and money given him.

"*Me*.—I had rather have an almshouse of old men on such a road than a troop of sturdy robbers.

"*Og*.—As Gratian rode on my left, nearer to the almshouse, he was sprinkled with water, to which he submitted, but when the shoe was held out, he asked what it meant. And being told it was the shoe of St. Thomas, he was so provoked that, turning to me, he said, 'What! would this clown have us kiss the shoes of all good men? They may just as well offer their spittle to be kissed, and other disgusting things.' I took compassion on the old man, and gave him some money by way of consolation."

The following paragraph is no bad illustration of the hardy habits of our forefathers:—

"The history of furniture is an interesting subject. In carrying our researches back a few centuries, we are surprised at the few articles which were considered necessary to furnish the rooms of our forefathers, and those articles were often of the plainest description. The hall seems to have seldom contained more than a table and a bench, sometimes with a cupboard or buffet. The table itself appears, in many instances, to have been only a board, placed on temporary supports. A bed (a mere couch), with (not always) a chair or seat of some kind, furnished the sleeping-chamber. Harrison, in the description of England written in Essex during the reign of Elizabeth, and inserted in Holinshed's 'Chronicles,' informs us, 'that our fathers (yea, and we our selves also) have lien full oft upon straw pallets, on rough mats, covered onlie with a sheet, under coverlets made of dagswain, or hopharlots (I use their owne termes), and a good round log under their heads instead of a bolster. If it were so that our fathers, or the good-man of the house, had within seven years after his marriage, purchased a maters, or flocke bed, and thereto a sack of chaffe to rest his heade upon, he thought himselfe to be as well lodged as the lord of the towne, so well were they contented. Pillows,

said they, were thought meete onlie for women in child-bed. As for servants, if they had anie sheet above them it was well, for seldome had they anie under their bodies to keepe them from the pricking straws that ran oft through the canvas of the pallet, and raised their hardened hides."

In Scotland and Ireland, at this day, there are cottages enough no better provided; but it is not so generally known that fifty years ago many of our English cottages were little, if at all, superior. For anything we know, the case may be so now in some of the midland rural counties. To the females who lay naked in bed (a practice not confined to the middle ages, but apparently existing in the time of Candaules, king of Lydia), such beds must have been a sad penance.

The chapters on 'Obsolete Punishments' are too meagre for notice, especially as what little there is (with one trifling exception) is already well known. The 'History of Art in the Middle Ages,' also occupies a space (thirty pages) ludicrously incommensurate with the importance of the subject. The same censure may be passed 'On the Early Use of Fire-arms,' and 'The Romans in London;' the latter being little more than an abridgment of Mr. Roach Smith's contributions to the 'Archæologia.' 'The Burlesque Festivals of the Middle Ages,' is in itself a subject of considerable interest; but in the hands of Mr. Wright that interest evaporates. This result is attributable, partly to the confined limits which he has imposed on himself, and partly to the small research which he seems to have judged sufficient for his readers. 'The Fabulous Natural History of the Middle Ages,' is equally censurable on the score of brevity and of omissions. The unicorn, the elephant (so wonderfully distorted in popular apprehension), the mandrake, the attercop, the caladrius, the whale, and the mermaid, surely do not exhaust a subject so vast in its extent, and so deeply impressed on the vulgar mind. It may, indeed, be replied, that the editor merely intended to give some illustrations of this and the other subjects which we have characterized as so meagrely treated. Then why did he not adopt a more definite title? And, even with this important qualification, there is ground enough for censure. His selections, for the most part, are not judicious, because they do not comprise the most prominent parts of his subject; and those which have been made are inadequately described. In like manner the 'Saxon Barrows' is a subject capable of greater and better illustration than is here exhibited. It is, however, less unsatisfactory than the preceding. The 'Miscellaneous Illustrations of Mediæval Antiquities, from Illuminated MSS.,' is scarcely deserving even of passing notice.

As the first Part opens with the proceedings of an antiquarian meeting at Canterbury, so the last closes with one at Winchester, in August of the present year. Of course a visit is paid to the Abbey Church of Ramsey:—

"Among the privileges claimed by the abbesses of Ramsey was the ordinary one, but which appears singular enough in the hands of ladies who are supposed to have retired from the world, of setting up a gallows and hanging within the liberties of their monastery. During some years previous to the abbacy of Amicia, who has been already mentioned, either from the negligence or from the humane feelings of the nuns, this right had been lost; and this abbess took some pains to get it restored by a new grant."

The privilege here mentioned—the high and low jurisdiction—was enjoyed by many female communities in Germany, but was not very common in our own country. It had its advantages; since those who possessed it were not subject to any vassalistic homage, save to the

crown; and it was also lucrative, since it brought into their treasury many of the innumerable fines and penalties awarded by feudal law. The privilege was sometimes united with a particular domain; but was frequently conceded by the owner to the leading tenants in *capite*. With the exercise, however, of such jurisdiction, the community had in reality no hand. It was uniformly, and of necessity (for the canons never permitted even the noblest male ecclesiastic to sit in "judgments of blood"), devolved on a deputy, from whose decisions there was an appeal to the crown, or to the royal justiciary, if he were sitting in the province. This subordination of the feudal to the royal tribunals was a principle admitted almost everywhere, and generally enforced in England.

We have now glanced at the chief contents of this volume, and have extracted what we consider the most interesting passages. If the reader will be at the pains to examine for himself, he will, we think, agree with us that probably no other antiquarian volume of equal extent—certainly not of equal price—with which he or we are acquainted, contains so little to interest or to instruct. For the real antiquary it can have no attractions; and it will not be valued by such general readers as have access to better works. As we have already observed, it may have its uses for a third class—such as have not leisure to read, or opportunity of consulting, more elaborate sources. It appears, then, to be peculiarly adapted for "drawing-room" purposes. Perhaps the editor's great object may have been to inspire young ladies with a taste for such pursuits. If so, not one word is to be said against either the design or the execution: on the contrary, we must applaud both, as worthy of each other. As young ladies can already boast of their own Tutor's Assistants and their own Geographical Guides, we see no reason why they should not also have their own Antiquary.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*A Review of the Principles of Apocalyptic Interpretation*, 3 vols. by the Rev. A. Clissold, M.A.—If any reader wishes to know into what vagaries the human mind can run in attempting to explain the Book of Revelations, let him take up the two published volumes of this work, (the third has not yet appeared,) and he will be sufficiently gratified. In some respects the world does not seem to have improved by age. Fanciful as were the interpretations of many fathers and doctors of the church, and falsified as many of them have been by the event, those of modern writers are at least equally exceptionable, and will sometime, we have no doubt, be found equally wrong. There is no common ground on which two interpreters (at least two protestant interpreters, who are allowed the exercise of private judgment,) can meet, no two passages on which they can agree. All the prophecies in the Revelations, says one, have been long fulfilled; not one of them has, says another; while a third contends that they are in course of fulfilment. Then as to the application of any particular prophecy. Who was Antichrist? Julian the Apostate! cries one. Mahomet! exclaims another. The Pope! exclaims a third. To what period do the Seven Vials of wrath refer? To the destruction of Jerusalem! cries one. No, says another, that cannot be, for Jerusalem was already destroyed when St. John wrote: it refers to the persecution of the Christians by the Heathen emperors. Later writers applied the terms of the predictions to later periods; while the majority seem to refer them to the end of the world. What can we infer from such a mass of contradictions as Mr. Clissold has collected with untiring diligence, with the view of proving all of them to be wrong? We have monuments enough of human vanity without, every year, and almost every month, adding to the number. Ten thousand volumes have been written on Apocalyptic Interpretation, and though every writer believed his own hypothesis the best, time has shown all that do not refer to the judgment day

to be equal nonsensical. Mr. Clissold in the two volumes does not give us his own system, or rather (that of his sect (the Swedenborgian), but he intends to do so in the third. It will doubtless be different from those which have preceded it, and so far therefore a curiosity; but that it will be equally useless, will be acknowledged by all men but himself, and his brother followers of the Swedish prophet. Suppose, after all, the Book of Revelations has no right to be included in the canon of Scripture? It was rejected by many of the wisest and best men of the first three centuries of Christianity; and we are at a loss to conceive what new light has been thrown since then on the question of its canonicity.

*Female Characters of Holy Writ: or, a Course of Sermons preached in the Parish Church of St. John's, Clerkenwell*, by Hugh Hughes, B.D. Rector.—Good, plain, practical discourses, and well adapted for the class to whom they were addressed. But being the compositions of a man, they have not that intuitive insight into the peculiarities of the female character, or that delicacy of feeling, or that imaginative though extremely natural passion, or those nameless irresistible graces, that distinguish the performance of a woman on the same subject. We allude to the work of Grace Aguilar, 'The Women of Israel,' [see ante, p. 829], which, if compared with the work before us, will show how much better qualified for the subject the Jewish lady is than the Christian divine.

*A Hand-Book of Devotion*, by R. Lee, D.D.—Manuals of devotion for the assistance of family worship abound to such an excess, as to make selection difficult. Dr. Lee has, it seems, formed an ideal of such a book of prayers; but he is far from claiming to have realized it. We may, however, safely assert, that he has produced a volume which deserves commendation for good sense, sober piety and convenient arrangement. The Introduction, in particular, is well written; and throughout we have proofs of a well-directed zeal, accompanied and chastened by knowledge and learning.

*Poems*, by A. P. Paton.—Verses of little pretension,—free and facile in manner, and in matter not difficult. Some of them have a comic vein, which we hope amused the author, who is evidently in good humour with himself. We have no wish to disturb his serenity.

*The Cottar's Sunday, and other Poems*, by Peter Still.—These poems are "chiefly in the Scottish dialect," and suggest, both in theme and treatment, reminiscences of Burns. The little book is preceded by an autobiography, from which we learn that the writer is a native of Aberdeenshire, brought up to farming occupations, and married before he was twenty. Two years afterwards he became blind, but recovered his sight; then became a cripple, but recovered the use of his limbs; then became deaf and so dizzy in his head as to be helpless—calamities, it would seem, due to hard work on the desolate and dreary moor of Cruden. This state of things lasted for three years, and under such afflictions were some of the verses before us composed. They are all creditable; and, for the author's sake, we hope may receive more patronage than under other circumstances they might command.

*Songs of the Press, and other Poems, with Notes Biographical and Literary*.—A volume of verses "relative to the art of printers and printing; also of authors, books, booksellers, bookbinders, editors, critics, newspapers, &c. original and selected." Such is the full description contained in the title of the work, which is exceedingly miscellaneous in its character and contents, consisting mostly of excerpts, good, bad, and indifferent, from all manner of verse-writers. We subjoin one brief specimen:—

*Printer's Kiss.*

Print on my lips another kiss,  
The picture of thy glowing passion;  
Nay, this won't do—nor this—nor this—  
But now—Ay, that's a *proof impression*.

*On Reading the Above.*

But yet, methinks, it might be mended—  
O Yes, I see it in those eyes;  
Our lips again together blended,  
Will make th' *impression* a *revise*.

*A Metrical Version of the Hebrew Psalter, with Explanatory Notes*.—Nothing is more wanted than such a work; but the anonymous author of the above is not exactly the man to do it. He should have measured his strength better before he attempted



significant labour. We regret to see much good intention, paper and print wasted on so poor a performance.

*St. Lawrence's Well; a Fragmentary Legend of the Isle of Wight*, by H. B. Sheridan.—A piece of metrical elegance, which, in these days of immature production, may claim credit for polish and completeness. It is printed in blue ink, with a gilded border.

*Stray Thoughts in Prose and Verse*, by E. J. Hythe.—One of the class, now growing so numerous, of minds evidently possessed of poetic feeling, but unadvisedly claiming public attention before the poetic art has been mastered in any one of its elements.

*Rambling Rhymes*, by A. Smart, new edition, enlarged.—As the production of a working man, this book is welcome. Why should not labour be cheered with song? Some of the pieces have appeared in a previous publication; but the present contains many new poems. There is a manly tone in all—a sincerity and an earnestness which might be accepted even as substitutes for the more showy graces, if the latter, in these days of high polish and refinement, were not all-prevalent in reading circles.

*The Light of Mental Science; being an Essay on Moral Training*, by Mrs. Loudon.—The argument is conducted on the principle, that the laws of Nature are infallible, and that a knowledge and observance of them must be highly useful to the purpose of education;—in other words, Mrs. Margracia Loudon has a metaphysical theory which she wishes to see put into practice. This theory, if not new, is at least reasonable. One remark the lady makes is, indeed, important: "Ignorance," she says, "is no longer innocent, when leisure and opportunity have brought knowledge within the reach of the individual. New privileges imply new responsibilities."

*Pocket Books and Almanacs*.—Even in this department the additions are significant, and old-fashioned almanacs, like old-fashioned people, must make way for a new generation. Thus we have not only the *Banking Almanac*, the *Illustrated Almanac*, Maynard's *Desk Almanac*, but the *Railway Shareholder's Pocket Book*, the *Railway Almanac*, and half-a-dozen others, all appealing to a railway interest.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Annals of Horticulture, a Year Book of Information on Practical Gardening*, royal 8vo, 12s. 6d. gilt.
- Allen's (A.) Etymological Analysis of Latin Verbs*, 12mo. reduced to 3s. 6d.
- Abbott's (Archbishop) Exposition of the Prophet Jonah*, new edit. by Grace Webster, 2 vols. royal 12mo. 12s. 6d.
- Bressa's (Archdeacon) Christmas Stories*, 5th edit. enlarged, 8s. 6d. 2s. 6d.
- Bingham's (J.) Antiquities of the Christian Church*, 2 vols. imp. 8vo. 11s. 6d. 4s. 6d.
- Brownson's (O. A.) Charles Elwood; or, the Infidel Converted*, post 8vo. 4s. 2s. 6d.
- Butler's Guide to Knowledge*, new edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
- Brown's (Dr. F.) Philosophy of the Human Mind*, 10th edition, with Memoir and Portrait, 4 vols. 8vo. 2s. 2s. 6d.; ditto, 1 vol. 8vo. 18s. cl.
- Coker's (Mrs.) Complete Concordance to Shakespeare*, imp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
- Connection between Revelation and Mythology*, by Philomathes, crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
- Cresser's (Dr.) Lectures on the Life and Times of John Bunyan*, with Preface, by Ingram Cobbin, royal 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
- Cross Player's Chronicle*, Vol. VI. for 1845, 8vo. 15s. cl.
- Crookley's Map of the Railways of England and Wales*, 2 parts, 2s. 5s. in cl. case.
- Cottrell's (Rev. J.) Family Prayers*, 10th edit. royal 12mo. 7s. cl.
- Cottrell's (Rev. J.) Selection of Psalms and Hymns*, 34th edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
- Explanations: a Sequel to Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
- England's Worthies, during the Civil Wars, 1645 to 1647*, by John Vickers, reprint, 12mo. 5s. h-f-bd.
- Dickens's (Charles) Cricket on the Hearth*, 8vo. 5s. cl. gilt.
- Dodd's (Rev. R. W.) Sermons, Second Series*, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
- Hurwitz's Hebrew Grammar*, 3rd ed. revised and enlarged, 8vo. 13s. cl.
- Hurwitz's Elements of the Hebrew Language*, 3rd ed. revised and enlarged, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
- Hurwitz's Hebrew Etymology and Syntax*, 3rd edition, revised and enlarged, 8vo. 9s. cl.
- King of the Swans and other Tales*, 4 illustrations, square, 2s. 6d. tinted, 2s. 6d. coloured, cl.
- Long's Royal Descents*, post 8vo. 12s. fancy bds.
- Legal Almanac, Remembrance and Diary for 1846*, 8vo. 4s. cl.
- Lowry's (Mark A.) Hand-book to Lewes*, 12mo. 2s. cl. swd.
- London's (Mrs.) Lady's Country Companion*, 2nd edit. improved and enlarged, 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.
- Marrist's (Rev. H.) Roman Catholic Religion Judged to be False*, by Internal Evidence, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
- Missionary Life in Samoa*, from the Journals of the late George A. Lundie, 4s. 6d. cl.
- Musical Treasury*, Vol. III. folio, 16s. h-f-bd.
- Nursery Rhymes of England*, edited by J. O. Halliwell, 4th ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d. illuminated cl.
- Prayers and Meditations from the Holy Bible and Liturgy, with the Seven Penitential Psalms*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
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- Ruscoe's (W.) Life of Lorenzo X. complete*, new edit. 2 vols. 8vo. plates and portraits, 12s. 4s. cl.
- Ruscoe's Life of Lorenzo X. Medici*, 7th edit. 8vo. plates, 12s. cl.
- Ruscoe's (Rev. J.) Annotations on the Epistles*, 5th edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s. 4s. cl.
- Soutley's (the late R.) Oliver Newman, and other Poems*, 8vo. 2s. cl.
- Water Fairy, and other Tales*, with 4 illustrations, square, 2s. 6d. tinted, 3s. 6d. coloured, cl.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris.

It is now some ten or twelve years—perhaps even more—since looking from its farthest end up the long, narrow, arched, and ill-lit gallery of the Louvre (a tunnel it may be said above ground) I saw two white fairy-like figures, just where the sides of the perspective seemed to meet, move towards me along its chequered avenue. They resembled those human-shaped specks with which *Steenwick* illuminates the vanishing-point of a cathedral's long-drawn aisle. As they advanced I could perceive the double row of diminutive painters and paintresses that lined the distance, turn their little dots of heads all one way to behold, while none ventured to salute, the elfin visitors, who passed between them in silence. A single gnomelike dark familiar attended them. By degrees the bright specks grew larger and larger: upon near approach took the dimensions of full-grown sylphs; and became at last neither less nor more than two fair creatures whom sonnetteers call "nymphs," and the prosaic world—alas, and well-a-day!—nice young girls. So very simple, indeed, was their dress, so unobtrusive their demeanour, their unconscious elegance to distinguish them from *élégantes*, that I should have conjectured them merely gentlewomen, had not the mute and motionless respect paid them by their compatriots revealed to me their additional rank. They were the Princesses MARIE and CLEMENTINE, daughters of Louis-Philippe. The younger must have been then about that interesting age at which girls scarce know what sex they belong to, and give their natural buoyancy a kind of timid play: I well recollect the modest freedom, the innocent half-childish abandon of her gait, when she walked towards each favourite picture, and nodded a smile of recognition as if it understood her. This is quite the social nature of children or very youthful people, who make companions not of domestic animals alone, but of the insensible objects around them, and love these earliest friends with a fervour they seldom afterwards feel for their much more stockish and soulless circle of human acquaintances. The heart, like the head, is often comparatively large in childhood. Did it remain so through life, the disproportion would be far from a defect! Princess Clementine was tall of her age, dark-haired, and although slim as a young fawn, as graceful too, and as gentle, but as animated. Her sister was her direct contrast in appearance and (ladyism except) in deportment: little, light-haired, somewhat broad of make, unless a valetudinarian shawl she wore deceived me—grave and unobtrusive of look—she paced down the middle of the floor, her eyes bent upon it without one glance at the splendid array of artistic attractions beside her! the future Sculptress of *Jeanne d'Arc*! Yet I do remember that her countenance was sicklier over with the pale cast of thought; but I imagined it the thought of another world, on which her mental gaze appeared to be fixed; even her cheek seemed to wear the chill reflex of her monument glistening in vision before her, and not far off. The lines applied themselves—for their beautiful superstition is perhaps more catholic among the nations than any creed. As Princess Marie glid spirit-like past, her look, it struck me, prescient of her fate—its very utterance—

I see a hand you cannot see,

That beckons me away;

I hear a voice you cannot hear,

That says I must not stay.

Repeating my disclaimer of all pretension to have anticipated Princess Marie's genius from her physiognomy, still this much is certain, that while her sister's foot (nay, her little boot, a striped pattern,) remains imprinted on my sealing-wax heart as deep as St. Vallée's sandal upon the rock, I forget her face altogether. Again, that there must have been somewhat about her own expression so remarkable that it would not be forgotten—years having failed to weaken any remembrance of it. Yet her features were neither handsome nor pronounced. Such is the magic influence of *mind*! Among the three Fine Arts, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, perhaps Great Britain can less compete with France in the second than either of the others. In the first, our brilliant Colour may well be set off against French able Draughtsmanship, because, though a secondary pictorial merit, we can produce better works by its means than our competitors can by those of their

almost barren accomplishment. I call it barren as I do a desert, which nevertheless teems forth prodigious births every day. In the third Fine Art, France puts forward very ambitious claims, and the balance certainly hangs even between her edile Genius and ours than Libra's did between Satan and Gabriel. Yet of Painted Architecture she has little or none to show—I mean new specimens. Of classic or pseudo-classic, she possesses three celebrated modern examples, which, however, appear to me (an amateur, recollect!) as striking from their faults as their beauties. The *Bourse* presents a grand quadrangular peristyle of three-score and six columns; but what does this multitudinous display of colossal legs sustain? A mere entablature, for the pile of slates within it has no pediment, character or pretension! Thus the edifice suggests the idea of an elevated *cistern* roofed over, instead of an Exchange! There is an utter and palpable disproportion between the immense apparatus of support and the weight supported. It resembles a multipede statue with the body omitted, and the head placed upon the hips. I wish to give important defects alone importance, and therefore shall concede the exterior of the *Madeleine* more immaculate than its presiding Saint; though its pediment form a very harsh outline, and the whole temple surface be cut up by the dark list-like joints of the masonry—that *bizarre* taste which our neighbours have for variegation peeping out in their architecture, as in their diapered and striated pantaloons. But the capital defect of the *Madeleine* is its comparative meanness within, despite the profusion of embellishments it has received at the hands of gilders, carvers, painters and glaziers. I pass over its circular style, diametrically opposed to the rectangular ordonnance outside. A far worse discord results from your entering a little, narrow, heavy-proportioned chapel of ease, where you expected a spacious church commensurate with such a huge, high-columned, double-porticoed, arrogant architectural enclosure, which your eye almost tires to travel through the details of. As for the third celebrated example of modern French architecture, the *Hôtel de Ville*, it must be admitted beautiful exteriorly, and if the same or any homogeneous ordonnance harmonize its courts, when finished, in the key of its frontage,—if they are not encumbered with oppressive decorations nor broken up by obtrusive projections and impertinent attractions, till the whole *corps de bâtiment* resemble, like the *Madeleine*, a man who has "made too much fat within,"—it may prove the very handsomest edifice of modern French construction. Construction, mind: for, after all, it would be no more than the original Italian architect's old hotel-de-ville extended, and rather the production of Gallic quarries than of Gallic genius. Nevertheless, qualified as our admiration of these three works must become on analyzing their pretensions, there is, without question, a great deal of architectural power, skill and talent manifested in both them and numerous other structures, private and public, which have lately arisen to adorn this much-improved metropolis. If Parisian architects would but expend a little of said power, skill and talent on *sweetening* said metropolis! Its streets smell like open sewers—nay, are such! In subterranean architecture, British professors bear off the bell; their genius shows itself to best advantage under the ground: Paris cannot rival London's apparatus of latent aqueducts and gutter-dots and dirt-ads, however defective. *Lutetia quasi à tuto!*

Sculpture appears to me the battle-field of Art, where Britain has yet to win her Waterloo. It is here her impotent draughtsmanship tells with fatal effect against her, because forms alone, without colours, are the sculptor's means, and for the most part his end likewise. Bust, and stone portrait, even portrait of the entire person, we, indeed, perhaps, execute better than our artistic foe, because trowers and cont, or petticoat, like charity, cover a multitude of sins—sins in design; and muscular development needs seldom be displayed where the figures sit or stand, as their originals did, on their good behaviour. But when Sculpture rises into the poetical or the ideal, much more when it also attempts complex groups and architectonic compositions, there do our statues find themselves dead in the hand. However beauteous or sublime their conceptions, they want the anatomical science and



manipulative power needful to articulate what their minds are big with: nay, this want will often keep the imagination itself inert or indolent, from a sense of its greater efforts being useless, because of the sculptor's incompetence to give them suitable form and pressure. French statuary, on the other hand, fully sensible of their executive skill, (or they would not be French,) soar as high as the strength of that wing encourages; and, albeit they fail to reach "the highest heaven of invention," they approach it nearer than our artists do—at least, oftener. It is true, the theatrical spirit which haunts French Art everywhere like its Evil Genius makes them throw Nature too much into attitudes, and even their best sculptors are sometimes mere posture-masters; but again, they sometimes—seldom, I grant—can eschew the mock-heroic altogether, and achieve the unaffectedly graceful, the genuinely noble. Their most illustrious names, nevertheless, remain French still, or have scarce become European; all except one, and that, peradventure, had been whispered in a very faint breath over the Rhine and the Channel, the Alps and the Pyrenees, had the person who bore it been a peasant-girl instead of a princess. Yet PRINCESS MARIE is the great sculptor of modern France. Yes! if we measure genius by the quality, not the quantity of its works, by their novelty and beauty of contained thought rather than their mechanical attributes, her two exquisite statues alone prove Mary of Orleans the first among French sculptors in the present age. What single production of theirs has spread the national renown over the contemporaneous civilized world but her 'Jeanne d'Arc'?

I do not mean here to dilate upon the merits of this well-known work. Let me say, however, that its execution, though good, is its least. Perhaps one of its greatest is simple Joan not being made a *Johanna*. She is represented as the stout-limbed, short-coated, buxom, *bond fide* village lass; nay, not even a "pride of the village," on the strength of lack-a-daisical looks and little feet, but with arms fitted to wield either ox-goad or sword, and legs better fitted to go into steel boots than gossamer-silk stockings and glass slippers. Her features are comely; by no means "Grecian," but what they ought to be for a national heroine—characteristically French. The soul of the statue—the inner sentiment breathing through its surface—is that which the judicious sculptress has elevated above plebeian level: here idealism was more than admissible—it was indispensable,—else we had had a coarse compound of trull and tomboy when we looked to have a Maid of Orleans. Very probably, the real Joan's patriotism did not extend much beyond intense love for her native farm-yard,—nor her prophetic enthusiasm beyond a firm conviction that her own stiff broomstick (aided by the smoke-dried Virgin on the mantel-piece) would save her geese and goats from any English marauder; very probable these good thoughts of hers becoming known, and approving themselves in the hour of need to be better than "good dreams," were magnified at length into a sublime public spirit and oracular power, which acquired her the repute of being her country's heaven-born champion, while she was but the tool of its efficient defenders. Very true, all this, perhaps, but still we want the poetical truth, as well as the prosaic, and that the higher, grander one—the more utilitarian because the more stimulative to virtue through admiration—Princess Marie has rendered visible: her 'Jeanne d'Arc' personifies the patriot self-devotion, deepened by a religious sense of right, and enhanced by pensive reflection upon the sacrifice such a resolve must cost a woman, personifies it with most forcible, yet unforced expressiveness. It was the happiest subject a female historic sculptor of France could have chosen, and reveals a still more delicate tact as the tribute paid by an Orleans princess to a peasant heroine of her patrimonial name and domain. An interlaced M and O form the monogram inscribed upon the statue.

The only other work that I shall allude to is less heard of, yet appears to me a creation even purer and finer in both idea and embodiment. It might be designated 'The Angel of the Death-bed'; a winged ministrant spirit who kneels at the foot of her mortal brother, and wafts his soul, just departed, up towards heaven with her breath, poured forth in supplicative prayer for its ascension to the bosom of his God. The Sculptress little knew how apposite

her work would become when she wrought it! that it would soon afterwards adorn the cenotaph of her mortal brother indeed, the late Duke of Orleans! You will think the subject not very novel; granted: ministering angels swarm everywhere upon monuments, till we wish they could use their wings and fly away. But this commonness it is which proves the genius of Princess Mary, who has elevated the familiar type into a marvellous production. What peculiar magic about it to charm the spectator so, he cannot describe to another person—can scarce explain to himself. Some ethereal halo seems hovering around it, brightening at each point, yet too subtle for substantiation in the gross forms of words. I have told you all I can about it; were I to spin ever such fine discourses thereupon, these cobwebs of the brain would only veil its merits the more.

Many will assert—do assert, that Princess Marie obtained professional help; heaven help their heads who suppose this—even if true—of any relevance whatever to her real claims! Which among the French professors could have helped her to *imagine* her statues, though he might to execute them? I would give the whole body leave to club their talents, and they should not produce another work like her 'Jeanne d'Arc' or her 'Angel Suppliant.' Why doesn't their professional help assist themselves to such beautiful creations? As for what quantum of positive chisels she went through with her own hands—how far her master or her block-maker may have contributed towards the mere mechanism of her figures I know nothing and care little. I know that in poetic sculpture the *thought* to be embodied is the grand desideratum. A new and noble thought is the *elixir vite* of a statue which makes it immortal! Let me superadd an argument drawn from the intrinsic character of these two productions; they bear about them unmistakable marks of a woman's mind. A thrice alembicated purity distinguishes their form and attitude and entire spirit, a purity altogether peculiar to the sex. Canova's statues, perhaps the most effeminate ever executed by man, have a gracefulness and elegance that bespeak their virile origin amidst the very refinement of his voluptuous workmanship. Without the least effeminacy, Princess Marie's statues at once, I repeat, proclaim themselves the exquisite imaginations of feminine genius.

#### THE OREGON.

[The proceedings of the American Government respecting the Oregon Territory are not to be understood by mere reference, either to diplomatic correspondence or the President's Speech. A clearer insight may, perhaps, be gleaned from the following letter; which, however, we publish because it has an interest in itself. It is written by a correspondent of the *Boston Atlas*.]

Fort Scott, Indian Territory,  
Sept. 16, 1845.

Perhaps you would like to hear something of the movements of one who has been travelling through the Far West all summer. I do not mean what they call the "Far West" in Boston, for that hardly extends west of the Mississippi; but my journey has laid far beyond the bounds of civilization, in the vast prairies extending to the base of the Rocky Mountains. I left Boston the 29th day of April last, for the purpose of joining the expedition of U. S. Dragoons, which was going to the Rocky Mountains, under the command of Colonel Kearny. This expedition was to leave Fort Leavenworth, Mo., sometime in the middle of May. I had been invited to join it, as the guest of one of the officers. \* \* I arrived at Fort Leavenworth, which is situated on the south side of the Missouri river, 550 miles from its mouth, on the 18th day of May, the day that the command started; and I prepared myself immediately for the journey. The expedition consisted of five divisions of the 1st U. S. Dragoons, amounting to 300 men, admirably mounted and equipped, and officered by as gallant gentlemen as ever made arms their profession. The objects of this Expedition were, to see that the long road to Oregon was open to the emigrants, and the Santa Fé trail to the traders; to visit the Indian tribes this side of the Rocky Mountains; and, by kindness and presents, to show them that the white man is their friend—at the same time to overawe

them, and, by a show of force, to convince them that any molestation of citizens of the United States would not go unpunished. Another object was to explore the country and discover its military resources. On the 24th of May we struck the Great Oregon trail, which we kept to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains. On the 29th of May we arrived at the Nebraska or Platte River, striking it twenty miles from the head of Grand Island. The Nebraska River is very wide, very swift, very muddy and very shallow. It puts on the airs of a formidable river, but it is unnavigable; and Washington Irving expressed its principal features, when he called it "the most beautiful and useless of rivers." The water is pleasant to drink, and preferred by the mountain men to any other. On the 4th of June we came upon the first herd of buffalo. They continued in great numbers for a week, supplying the command with plenty of meat. For twenty days after we struck the Oregon trail we were continually overtaking and passing the emigrants. This was an exceedingly interesting feature in the campaign, for we saw the manner in which they conducted their marches, and learned their general character; and it was gratifying to them to know that the Government was sending her troops to keep them from being molested, by the hand of the savage, on their long and toilsome journey. They assemble annually, in the spring of the year, from the Middle and Western States, at different points on the frontier; generally at St. Joseph and Independence, Mo.; where they form themselves into companies, of from twenty-five to fifty families; and, when the grass is sufficiently forward to sustain their stock, they commence their journey. I improved many an opportunity to converse with them, and found them generally intelligent, and enthusiastic with regard to their prospects of settling in a new country. They are bold, hardy farmers, and are fully competent, in every respect, to lay the foundation of a new colony, perhaps a new nation. Oregon is now evidently filling up fast; and that, too, with citizens from the United States. They are carrying with them their republican feelings, their love of liberty, and their industrious habits. These are the qualities that built our great nation, and they never can be extinguished in the bosoms of those who have borne them away. There have passed over the road to Oregon, this season, 612 waggon, and an immense number of stock; allowing five to a waggon, which is a low estimate, there were accompanying those waggon, 3060 souls! I think if some settlement of the Oregon question is not speedily made, that Oregon herself will have an interest in the dispute. On the 14th of June, we arrived at the Laramie Fork of the Nebraska, having followed the latter and its N. Fork to this place. Here are two trading posts; Fort John, belonging to the American Fur Co., and Fort Platte, to a company of gentlemen from St. Louis. On the 16th a Grand Council was held, at this place, with the Sioux; there being present some 1200, of all ages. This Council was of great interest; for the troops had made their appearance in a country inhabited by the most powerful and warlike tribe of the West; and the motives of their visit being a mystery to the Indians, they were quite alarmed at first, and thought they were to be chastized; knowing, full well, that the scalps of white men were smoking in the lodges. When told that it was the intention of their Commander to hold a Council, they were reassured; and came forward, well satisfied that no harm was to be done to them. The Colonel gave them some good advice, and warned them against molesting the traders and emigrants. This they cheerfully promised—and, after the business of the Council was ended, the Colonel distributed presents among them, such as are always gratifying and acceptable to the Indian. On the 17th, the command started for the South Pass, leaving a detachment of one hundred men at Laramie. On the 30th, the command was mustered at the head waters of the Rio Colorado, which you must know empties into the Gulf of California, and returned to Laramie, on the 13th July.

Our next move was from the Nebraska, southward to the Arkansas river, passing 700 miles along the base of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains. This part of our journey was interesting in the extreme. The high peaks, covered with eternal snow; the valleys which have never been visited by the blessed light of the sun; the fearful crags; the

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scathed and splintered pinnacles of granite; the distant slopes, covered with dark masses of stunted pines and cedars; the broad sweep of the prairies, stretching off like an illimitable ocean, presented a series of pictures which, for their beauty and sublimity, cannot, I venture to say, be surpassed upon this continent. Certainly no pen or pencil could ever attempt to do justice to them. Several of the mountains in this range are the loftiest of the whole chain of the northern Cordilleras, and amongst them is Pike's Peak, the very highest. You may have an idea of the altitude of its immense summit, when I tell you we were marching seven days, long marches, directly towards it, from the time we first saw it until we arrived at its base. This part of the march was severe, for we suffered much for want of water, and the grass was very poor. We struck the Arkansas on the 26th of July, about ten miles from where it debouches from the mountains, and about an hundred miles from its extreme source. Passing down the north bank of the Arkansas, with Mexico on the south side, (you must know this river, here, is the dividing line between the two countries,) we arrived at Fort William, a trading post of Messrs. Bent, St. Vrain & Co. on the 29th. Here was deposited a quantity of public stores; and a sufficient supply of provisions was taken from them to last to Fort Leavenworth. Our stay at this place was necessarily short, but we were entertained in truly hospitable style by the gentlemanly proprietors. We missed Captain Fremont's party; but, after we had left Fort William, he arrived there, passing across the country, from the Kansas to the Arkansas. Having large packages of letters, &c. for the gentlemen of our expedition, he forwarded them by an express, and they reached us four or five days after. On the 7th of August, we struck the Santa Fé trace, where it crosses the Arkansas. During this part of the route, we saw numerous herds of buffalo, from which our hunters had no difficulty in procuring a sufficient supply of meat, for the daily subsistence of the command. We met several caravans of traders on their way to Santa Fé. We kept the trace until the 22nd of August, when we bore off to the northward, and, crossing Kansas river, arrived at Fort Leavenworth on the 24th of August, without losing a man, and from different causes, but a few horses; having performed a march of 2500 miles in 99 days! This has been the longest continuous march, that was ever performed in the same period of time by any military command. The annals of history will be searched in vain, to find any march of troops, which, for rapidity and distance, can have any approach to its parallel. By the energy, forethought, and close calculation of the commander, it has been conducted with that skill that nothing but the experience of a tried soldier could equal.

Although the distance was great, the weather hot, and the fatigue incessant, yet, so diversified is the country through which we have passed, and so full of interest and incident has each day been, that both time and distance seem to glide past, almost unnoticed. A journal of the campaign will, no doubt, be written by an officer—the productions of whose pen have been received, heretofore, with the greatest pleasure, by his numerous friends and readers; and, as he is gifted with great powers of observation, and a most happy style of description, it will, without doubt, be highly entertaining to every class of readers. I left Fort Leavenworth, on the 27th of August, for Fort Scott, proceeding southward over the great military road, which here passes through a most beautiful and fertile country, occupied by the Delawares and Shawnees. These Indians have fine farms, large herds of cattle and horses, and most of the comforts of civilized life about them. I arrived at Fort Scott on the 31st of the same month. This post is delightfully situated on the south bank of the Marmion, above twenty-five miles above its junction with the Marais des Cygnes. These two rivers form, at their confluence, the Osage, a tributary of the Missouri river. Fort Scott is certainly one of the finest posts in the United States. It has new and spacious quarters—and those for the officers, particularly, are very beautiful; all of them being constructed in a chaste and elegant style of architecture. Game is plenty about this post—such as deer, turkeys, grouse, plover—and, in addition to these, in the fall and winter months, wild geese, duck and mallard, brant, pelicans and swans—besides thousands of fish in the neighbour-

ing streams. Such a variety of game presents innumerable opportunities for the finest kind of sport; and, to give you an idea of how some of those opportunities were improved, last winter, the officers, alone, took upwards of fifty wolves by the chase—and between sixty and seventy deer. At this season of the year, the grouse shooting is superb, and you may rest assured that I am making the most of it. But of all these things, together with the stirring events which have characterized our protracted march—and the brilliant and magnificent scenes through which we have passed—I am only enabled, for want of time and space, to give this meagre outline.

H. L. JUN.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

On Wednesday last, the anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy, its members met for the election of the various officers, and the usual biennial distribution of prizes. The chair, in the absence of Sir M. A. Shee, the President, who, from continued indisposition, could not attend, was taken by the keeper, Mr. Jones. The prizes were distributed in the following order:—

Gold medals, with the discourses of the Presidents Reynolds and West, to Mr. J. C. Hooke, for the best historical composition in oil of 'The Finding of the Body of Harold'; to Mr. A. Brown, for the best original model of 'The Hour leading out the Horses of the Sun'; and to Mr. A. Johnson, for the best architectural design for a National Record Office—silver medals, with the lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, to Mr. T. Clark, for the best copy in oil; and to Mr. W. Gale, for the best chalk drawing from the living model:—silver medal to Mr. G. A. Sintzenich, for the second best drawing; and to Mr. T. Clarke, for the third best drawing:—silver medals, with the lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, to Mr. A. Brown, for the best model from the life; and to Mr. W. Walters, for the best architectural drawing of the Strand front of Somerset House:—a silver medal to Mr. S. C. Capes, for the second best drawing:—a silver medal, with the lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, to Mr. J. A. Vinter, for the best chalk drawing from the antique:—silver medals to Mr. G. B. O'Neill, for the second best drawing; and to Mr. W. Anderson, for the third best drawing:—a silver medal, with the lectures of Barry, Opie, and Fuseli, to Mr. G. Moss, for the best model from the antique:—and silver medals to Mr. Kelsey, for the second best model; and to Mr. L. Wyon, for the best medal die from the head of the Apollo Belvidere.

The meeting concluded with the reading of an address to the students, which had been composed by Sir M. A. Shee for the former biennial meeting, but not delivered by him on account of indisposition.—We understand, by the way, that Sir M. A. Shee has been induced to recall his resignation of the presidency of the Royal Academy, and thus postpone, for a time at least, the difficulty which his fellow-academicians have had in agreeing upon a suitable successor.

For the benefit of such of our artists as purpose being exhibitors at the Louvre, next year, we may state that the director of the Royal Museums has announced the opening of the Exhibition for the 15th of March, and its close for the 15th of May. Works of Art will be received, at the office of the direction, from the 1st to the 20th of February inclusive. Foreign artists are informed that the administration of the Museums cannot receive their works directly addressed from abroad: they must be regularly deposited by some authorized agent, in Paris;—and notice of his intention is requested to be forwarded by the artist, before the 1st of February.—It may be convenient for other tourists to know that the gallery of the Louvre will be closed, against even exceptional visitors, on the 1st of February,—with a view to the preparatory arrangements.

From Brussels, it is stated that the Royal Society of Belgium is about to be reorganized, by order of the King, in association with the present Commission of History. A department of the Fine Arts is to be added; and Moral and Political Science is also, as in the French Institute, to be a branch of its profession. The remodelled establishment will take the title of 'The Royal Academy of Sciences, Literature, and the Fine Arts.' The decree of reorganization is followed by another, appointing to the section of the Fine Arts the principal artists of Belgium,—viz., for painting, MM. Wappers, de Keyser, Gallait, Verboeckhoven, &c.; for sculpture, MM. Geefs and Simonis; and, for music, MM. de Beriot, Fétis, Vieuxtemps, &c.—We may add, that the Royal Academy of Paintings, Sculpture, and Architecture of Bruges has decided that there shall be a public Exposition of the Fine Arts next year. The opening is fixed

for the first Monday in July; and all objects destined for the exposition must be sent free before the 15th of June.

The Rev. Dr. Henry,—who has been for some time one of the Commissioners of the National Board of Education in Ireland,—has been appointed by the Lord-Lieutenant to the Presidency of the Ulster College, established in Belfast. The identity of the principles of united education, adopted for the new Irish provincial colleges, with those upon which the National School system is based, has determined this appointment;—and his excellency "trusts that by the temper and moderation which have always distinguished the character" of the new president, he "will be enabled to reconcile conflicting opinions, and render the college available for the education of the youth of the province of Ulster, of every religious creed and denomination."

We must not omit, in our obituary records, the name of Mr. Bourne, the late Chief Justice of Newfoundland; who attained the judicial bench at the early age of thirty-four—and has his place in our columns as a translator of some of Béranger's poems, and the author of several volumes of verse.—The Piedmontese journals announce the death of an Italian poet of distinction—the Count Spitalieri di Cessole.—The Paris papers mention the death of M. Ernest Fournier; one of those accomplished members of Parisian society, who make the gravity of official life compatible with the demands of literary pursuit, a distinguished orientalist, and author of a great variety of ballads and legends, besides works in prose.

The continental papers give the melancholy narrative of the destruction, by an avalanche, of a monk of Saint Bernard, the Canon Cart, and three servants of the establishment, while engaged in the pious and hazardous services of that house,—clearing and staking out the path, on the side of the Valais, for travellers who were expected on the mountain.

If the *Times* report be true, Mr. Halliwell will have the opportunity which he has sought of enlightening the judgment of the public as to the matters in relation to which he stands at present in so painful an attitude before them. An action, that paper says, brought by Trinity College, Cambridge, against the Trustees of the British Museum, for their possession of a manuscript said to have been stolen from the library of the former, will be tried in the Court of Exchequer, in the early part of next term. Mr. Halliwell will, we presume, be a necessary witness on such an issue; and must, in some measure, be considered as having an issue of his own depending on the proceedings.

In a recent examination of the Episcopal Registers at Exeter, there was found recorded a curious and minute description of the person of Philippa, Queen of Edward III., when nine years of age. It was written during the Episcopate of Walter Stapleton, A.D. 1319, (fol. 142) and is believed to be in his handwriting; and it is probable that this prelate must have been commissioned to report on the moral and personal qualities of the lady. The contract for Edward's marriage with Isabella was not signed until July 1326, although the inquest on her qualifications was taken several years before. She was the second daughter of the Count of Hainault; and was married at York on the 25th January, 1328, being then in her sixteenth year—and, apparently, a few months older than her consort. The account is in Norman-French, and a free translation is as follows:—"The demoiselle whom we saw has hair sufficiently handsome, between blond and brown. The head is well made, the forehead long and wide and prominent. The face between the two eyes is straighter, and downwards is smaller and narrower, than the forehead. The eyes brown and black, and also deep. The nose sufficiently regular and equal, except at the end, where it is large and broad and not flat. The nostrils are also large. The mouth largeish. The lips, and especially the lower one, thick. The teeth well set and grown, sufficiently white, but some not so white, the under are a little less forward than the upper, but this is not very perceptible. The ears and chin sufficiently handsome. The neck, shoulders, and all the body and members downwards sufficiently well proportioned and modelled, without defect and nothing forbidding, as far as one could see. The prevalent



colour is brownish, and she much resembles her father, and is in every respect sufficiently agreeable in our opinion. The demoiselle will be nine years of age at the feast of the Nativity of Saint John, as her mother says. She is not too tall or too short for her age, and is of good carriage and manner becoming her rank. She is much approved and well beloved by her father and mother and by all the household hitherto, as well as we could observe, hear and learn. This, it will be seen, is a pretty minute inventory of a lady's person. It, and the statue of this queen which still remains, well intact from the mischiefs of coronation scaffolding, at the south-east corner of Edward the Confessor's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, will enable those who desire to do so, to obtain a sufficiently accurate conception of the personal features of Queen Philippa.

The Indian papers brought by the last mail state, that an association has been formed in Scinde, under the patronage of Sir Charles Napier, for the collection of statistical and historical information relative to that province. At home, we understand that the Joint Committee of Management have it in contemplation to restore a library, as well as attach a museum of antiquities, to Gresham College.

In Paris, Prince Czartoryski has called upon the Poles to join in a subscription, proposed by their fellow-countrymen in England,—for the purpose of offering some testimonial of the national gratitude to Lord Dudley Stuart, for his persevering efforts in the cause of the exiled patriots and their ultimate regeneration.

The Eton Bust-Gallery continues to receive accessions. Earl Howe has given Mr. Behnes a commission for a head of his grandfather, the hero of the famous 1st of June;—Col. Reid has signified his intention of contributing one of George the Third; and Mr. Behnes has, himself, presented a bust, his own workmanship, of the great Lord Chatham.

Mr. Park, the sculptor, exhibited, as our readers know, among the collection of the works of artists in Westminster Hall, during the summer of the present year, a speculative design for a monument to the memory of the Poet Campbell. It is, we suppose, less in honour of that design, than because the sculptor is the fellow-countryman and fellow-townsmen of the "Bard of Hope," that the former has been appointed to execute the bronze statue of the poet which Glasgow is about to raise to her distinguished son. For this "classic bronze statue," as Mr. Park describes it, he has completed a study of the colossal head; and is about to despatch it to Scotland, for the approbation of the committee who have charge of the undertaking. We earnestly advise Mr. Park to shun the omen suggested in that word *classic*. *Classic* is an expression of two meanings; its original one by which a work is described to be of the highest order,—and its derivative one which refers particularly to the great works of the ancients, because they were so. In the former of these senses Mr. Park, we will believe, is too modest to apply the term to his own performance,—so, he uses it in the second and ordinary sense, as implying an imitation of the antique forms. We have before us the recollection of so many of Mr. Park's colossal titular Greeks, that we cannot but deprecate a travesty of Thomas Campbell in his own Scottish town. Glasgow, which, on a recent occasion, went abroad for her artist, will do worse if, on this, she shall go abroad for her art. A national statue from a foreign sculptor is a much better thing than a foreign figure from a native chisel. The poet now to be illustrated is a familiar shape to the present generation; and will scarcely be recognized by them,—therefore inaptly presented to posterity—in the Greek attitude,—or what Mr. Park offers as his version of it. If, however, "classic" the statue must be, let us hope that Mr. Park will give the Romans a turn, this time,—in which case the bard will, at least, have a togeth; for Mr. Park's purely Greek type appears habitually in our exhibition-rooms in a condition strikingly unsuited to these northern latitudes, and which, however more or less appropriate to a Greek athlete, would be an epigram against a Scottish poet. We should not like the wits to catch the bard represented "without a shirt to his back."—For a statue of Campbell, in the "good town" of Glasgow, the sculptor had a figure at hand, which would at once have rendered the idea of the man, and lent itself

favourably to composition. The poet might have appeared as Lord Rector; the poetical and classical elements both entering into the idea, while expressing themselves by a native and appropriate form.

We hear, from Bonn, of a forthcoming publication, which excites great interest in the literary world. This is a 'History of the French Revolution,' by the late illustrious historian Niebuhr; the manuscript of which was found amongst his papers, and which his son is now conducting through the press.—We may mention that another distinguished German historian, Herr Dahlmann, Professor at the University of that town, is, at the same time, printing a history of the same revolution, at Leipzig.

Great preparations are making for the solemnization to be observed in the city of Trent, on the 15th inst., in celebration of the three hundredth Anniversary of the famous Council held there. The Society of the Friends of Music throughout the Austrian States, having their head-quarters at Vienna, will execute, on the occasion, by a body of 1000 performers, artists and dilettanti, Haydn's Imperial Mass, and two Oratorios to be chosen from the works of the most celebrated amongst the old Italian composers. The Prince-Archbishop has restored, at his own cost, the magnificent lateral chapel of the cathedral, wherein is deposited the crucifix of massive gold before which the members of the Council solemnly signed the acts of that assembly; and the citizens have erected, at the east side of the Church of St. Mary Major, in which the Council was celebrated, a tall column of red granite, surmounted by a statue, in white marble, of the Virgin. The shaft of the pillar is covered with inscriptions in Latin, recording the principal acts of the council, and recommending the city to the especial protection of the "Queen of Heaven."

Among the projects in this day of projects, when nothing is thought impossible, and scarcely anything for the moment seems absurd, we see mention made of a "Ship Railway" from Liverpool to Manchester, by which vessels of large burthen may be transported direct to the latter town, saving the port and other charges at the former.—And among useful performances, we may mention that the ground has been cleared, in Whitechapel, in the heart of a very poor and thickly populated neighbourhood, for the erection of a set of Baths and Washhouses, on a space 120 feet square, and at a cost, by contract, for the building alone of not less than 20,000*l*. The first stone will be laid, in a few days, by the Lord Mayor.

The new and mighty powers of locomotion which man has caught wild, as he anciently did the horse, and bitted, and curbed, and "broken in" to do his bidding, are everywhere throwing down, by their influence, even such barriers as they do not vanquish by their own direct action. The fiery and impatient spirit that the rocks cannot hold, the waters may not quench; he who pauses not before the hills because they are high, will not be restrained by rivers because they are broad. On all sides, go down the physical impediments that would fetter the universal progress of steam; and projects that have been amongst the speculations of years or ages,—brought out every quarter of a century, or so, and turned over to keep them afloat,—are executing now, as matters of course,—things that there need not be two words about,—mere corollaries of the great railway scheme. Elsewhere, we have spoken of the Bridge at Runcorn, on which the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire have so long and vainly desired to meet,—now at once to be thrown over the Mersey, that the railways may shake hands above its stream; and here, we have accounts of another gigantic work, about to be executed near the town of Tarascona,—that the railway from Cette to Beaucarne may talk to its neighbour from Marseilles to Avignon, across the Rhine. This is a viaduct, of 490 metres in length from one abutment to the other; under which the waters of the river will flow through seven arches, having each a span of 60 metres from pier to pier. The framework of the arches will be of cast iron. As to its ornamental part, small turrets are to rise from all the points at which the arches rest upon the piers,—presenting across the river a series of steeples like those of a cathedral; and the parapets will show carved faces, on both sides, to the stream.

**DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.**—REDUCED PRICE OF ADMITTANCE.—Now OPEN, with a new and highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN of REDELSBURG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME de Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been universally admired. Both pictures are painted by Le Chevre, Salon, 18; Stalls, 2*s*. 6*d*. to see before.

**ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—A LECTURE on the PREVALENT DISEASE in POTATOES, and the Means of eradicating the Starch of an Article of Food, will be delivered by Dr. RYAN, daily at Half-past Three, and on the Evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Nine. Professor BACHOFFENSKY explains the Principle of the ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY, a Model of which is at work daily. Mr. DOWNE, the celebrated FLUTIST, will perform at Three o'clock on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. COLEMAN'S NEW AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, the ascending and descending Inclined Planes. A beautiful series of DISSOLVING VIEWS. NEW OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c. Exhibition, 1*s*; Schools, Half-price.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

**GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.**—Dec. 8.—G. B. Greenough, Esq. F.R.S. in the chair.—Three new members were elected into the society.—The paper read was 'On the Geography of Suzianna,' by A. H. Layard. The writer of this paper, of which the reading will be continued on some future evening, enters into details respecting the rivers, the mountains, and the plains of Suzianna; the greater part of which are described from actual examination, and thus afford the means of greatly improving our maps of those provinces of Persia. The country seems covered with ruins of the Sassanian, Kayanian and Mohammedan epochs, some of which are minutely described in the paper, which upon the whole is one that will not, we are sorry to say, bear to be abridged.

**ASIATIC SOCIETY.**—Dec. 6.—The Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Masson's paper, 'On the Route of Isidorus of Charax, from Seleucia to Ecbatana,' was continued. An abstract will be given at the completion of the reading; but it is a matter of interest to remark at present, that the portion of the route read this day comprised the locality of Bagistanon,—the Behistun, or Besitun of the modern Persians, the site of the celebrated rocks covered with sculptures and inscriptions in the cuneiform character, which have so long excited the attention of the learned, and which have finally yielded to the persevering researches of Major Rawlinson, now resident at Bagdad. Portions of the results of Major Rawlinson's labours have been read, from time to time, at the meetings of the Society; and, curiously enough, a few days before the present meeting, the whole of Major Rawlinson's drawings and translations of these ancient monuments, arrived in London from Bagdad, and were exhibited. The Society, will, as soon as possible, proceed to prepare them for publication. The portion of Mr. Masson's paper read, showed that the Bagistan of Darius, or Bagistanon of Diodorus, was the Bisitun of the modern Persians, confirming the identification by the true name of the place, Behistun, as demonstrated by Major Rawlinson. Mr. Masson describes the successive sculptures upon these rocks, from those partially obliterated; which he thinks may be attributed to Semiramis, and which appear to have escaped the observation of former travellers, down to those of the recent Sassanian princes; and states that the example has singularly enough been followed by a Mohammedan prince of our own times, Mahomed Ali Mirza, the late viceroy of Kermanshah, who has caused to be executed a group in bas-relief, representing himself in modern costume, sitting on a carpet, smoking his pipe, and attended by his minister and a favourite servant. He observes that the work is well executed; though the effect is ludicrous from the contrast with the costume and attitude of the ancient princes, and marred by the gaudy colouring laid over it. Of much more interest is an inscription in letters of extraordinary size, formed of squares and circles, about the supposed sculptures of Semiramis. Mr. Masson much regrets that he did not copy this inscription, which, like the sculptures, appears to have escaped other observers: his time was very limited; and he confesses he was not then alive to their value. He is inclined to suppose that they may comprise the Syrian inscription of Semiramis, mentioned by Diodorus, recording her ascent to the top of the rock, upon the mountain of fardels and packs from the mules which followed her army, heaped up from the

plain to the Assyrian city, inaccessible to the forces of future nations, which surface of the sculptures faces in the great beauty of once observed that surprised escaped obli-  
Horror! Barchard, Auckland, which a B little Indian straw; but of pretty v ment, some its native to grow i moisture— produced these Trich dueced by M perfume, i who adorn curious B flowers, ar of the app plant was the summ is temper Primula si duced tuft transformat confirming that a fl ferent, and become cit circumstan Fruit, the Palmer, Ea fragifera, handsome i this Indian has not co will grow c greenhouse The plant taken, was vatory, and the Garden pears, both from the l fruit from o and assum quite cover  
LINNÆA, in the Fellow. Anatomy Griffith, Es  
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plain to the summit, for the purpose of affording the Assyrian queen the means of ascending the otherwise inaccessible peaks. He is anxious to direct the attention of future travellers to those characters and sculptures, which are on the upper portion of the smooth surface of the Behistûn rock; the inscription is over the sculptures, which comprise three colossal female faces in profile, all of exquisite workmanship and great beauty. They may be seen readily by looking obliquely upon the rock from the north; and, when once observed, their outlines will appear so distinct, that surprise will be excited at their having hitherto escaped observation.

**HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.**—Dec. 2.—R. W. Barchard, Esq., in the chair.—From the Earl of Auckland, were two plants of *Dysophylla stellata*, for which a Banksian medal was awarded. This pretty little Indian annual looks something like a *Betonica*; but is more erect, and bears numerous spikes of pretty violet blossoms, which, in their arrangement, somewhat resemble those of a Mint; being, in its native country, an inhabitant of warm swamps, to grow it well it requires plenty of heat and moisture.—Several cut specimens of Orchids were produced from the Duke of Devonshire, amongst these *Trichostema suavis*, an East-Indian plant, introduced by Mr. Gibson, which, on account of its sweet perfume, is highly esteemed by the native women, who adorn their hair with its blossoms; and the curious *Bolbophyllum Gibsoni*, with dark purple flowers, arranged in a dense knot, having something of the appearance of a good-sized raspberry. The plant was also found by Mr. Gibson on trees near the summits of the Sylhet hills, where the climate is temperate.—J. H. Barchard, Esq. sent a plant of *Primula sinensis*, which, instead of flowers, had produced tufts of leaves, beautifully exhibiting the transformation of the one organ into the other, and confirming the doctrine that the different parts of which a flower is composed are not essentially different, and that at certain stages of growth they will become either the one or the other, according to the circumstances under which they may be placed.—Of Fruit, the greatest novelty was produced by H. Palmer, Esq., in the shape of ripe fruit of *Benthamia fragifera*. This is not fit to eat, but is a rarity, and handsome in appearance. It has been reported that this Indian tree was quite hardy; but experience has not confirmed the statement; for although it will grow out of doors, yet it requires the aid of a greenhouse to grow it to anything like perfection. The plant from which the specimens sent were taken, was stated to be growing in a pot in a conservatory, and to be about twelve feet in height.—From the Garden of the Society were Beurré d'Arenberg pears, both from a wall and from a standard. Those from the latter were not a quarter so large as the fruit from the wall, but were much better flavoured, and assumed quite a different appearance, being quite covered over with russet.

**LINNEAN SOCIETY.**—Dec. 2.—Edward Forster, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. E. C. Charlton was elected a Fellow.—A paper was read on 'The Structure and Anatomy of the Eriocaulonaceæ,' by the late W. Griffith, Esq. The paper was illustrated by drawings.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon. British Architects, 8, P.M.  
Tues. Linnean Society, 8.  
Wed. Geological Society, half-past 8.  
Thurs. Royal Society, half-past 8.  
— Antiquarian Society, 8.  
— Royal Academy—Anatomy.  
— Numismatic Society, 7.

#### FINE ARTS

##### SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

St. Mary Magdalene—continued.

THE second class of subjects, the Magdalen doing penance in her desert, is by far the most numerous and the most varied in treatment. It has become, like the penance of St. Jerome, a symbol of Christian penitence, still more endeared to the popular imagination by more affecting and attractive associations, and even more eminently picturesque—so tempting to the artists, that by their own predilection for it, they have assisted in making it universal. In the display of luxuriant female forms, shadowed (not hidden) by redundant fair hair, and

flung in all the abandon of solitude, amid the depth of leafy recesses, or relieved by the dark umbrageous rocks; in the strange, heart-moving contrast of all loveliness with all horror; in the association of love and beauty with the symbols of death and sorrow and utter humiliation, the painters had ample scope, ample material, for the exercise of their imagination and the display of their skill; and what has been the result? They have abused these capabilities even to licence; they have exhausted the resources of Art in the attempt to vary the delineation; and yet how seldom has the ideal of this most exquisite subject been—I will not say realized—but even approached! We have Magdalens who look as if they never could have sinned, and others who look as if they never could have repented; we have Venetian Magdalens with the air of courtizans, and Florentine Magdalens with the air of Ariadnes; and Bolognese Magdalens like sentimental Niobes; and French Magdalens, *moitié galantes, moitié dévotes*; and Dutch Magdalens, who wring their hands like repentant washerwomen. The Magdalens of Rubens remind us of nothing so much as of the "unfortunate Miss Bailey;" and the Magdalens of Van Dyck are fine ladies who have turned Methodists. But Mary Magdalene, such as we have conceived her, mournful yet hopeful, tender yet dignified; worn with grief and fasting, yet radiant with the glow of love and faith, and clothed with the beauty of holiness—is an ideal which painting has not yet realized. Is it beyond the reach of art? We might have answered this question, had Raphael attempted it; but he has not. His Magdalen at the feet of Christ is yet unforgotten—the forlorn castaway, not the devout penitent.

The Magdalen doing penance in her rocky desert first became a popular subject in the sixteenth century; in the seventeenth it was at the height of favour. There are two distinct versions of the subject, infinitely varied as to detail and sentiment: either she is represented as bewailing her sins, or as reconciled to heaven.

In the former treatment she lies prostrate on the earth, or she is standing or kneeling at the entrance of her cave, (in some of the old illuminated missals the upper part of her body is seen emerging from a cave, or rather a hole in the ground); the hands clasped, or extended towards heaven; the eyes streaming with tears; the long yellow hair floating over the shoulders. The crucifix, the skull, and sometimes the scourge, are introduced as emblems of faith, mortality, and penance; weeping angels present a crown of thorns.

In the latter treatment, she is reading or meditating; the expression is serene or hopeful; a book lies beside the skull; angels present the palm, or scatter flowers; a vision of glory is seen in the skies. The alabaster box is in all cases the indispensable attribute. The eyes are usually raised, if not in grief, in supplication or in aspiration. The "uplifted eye" as well as the "loose hair" became a characteristic; but there are some exceptions. The treatment, which was at first simple, became more and more picturesque, and at length theatrical—a mere vehicle for sentiment and attitude.

The earliest example I can remember of the Penitent Magdalen, dramatically treated, remains as yet unsurpassed;—the reading Magdalen of Correggio, in the Dresden Gallery. This lovely creation has only one fault; the virginal beauty is that of a Psyche or a Seraph. As the antipodes in character and sentiment, we may cite the Magdalen of Titian, so celebrated in his own time, that he painted at least five or six repetitions of it, and copies and engravings have been multiplied. The eyes, swimming in tears, are raised to heaven; the long dishevelled hair floats over her shoulders; one hand is pressed on her bosom, the other rests on the skull; the forms are full and round, the colouring rich; a book and the box of ointment lie before her on a fragment of rock. She is sufficiently woeful, but seems rather to regret her past life than to repent of it, nor is there anything in the expression which can secure us against a relapse. Titian painted the original for Charles V. His idea of the pose was borrowed, as we are told, from an antique statue, and his model was a young girl, who being fatigued with long standing, the tears ran down her face, "and Titian attained the desired expression." (!) His idea therefore of St. Mary Magdalene

was the fusion of an antique statue and a girl taken out of the streets; and with all its beauties as a work of art, and very beautiful it is, this *chef-d'œuvre* of Titian is, to my taste, one of the most unsatisfactory things in the world. In another version of the subject she is leaning over an open book, on which is inscribed, *Domine, exaudi orationem meam, et clamor meus ad te venit; non avertas faciem tuam a me!*

A picture by Cigoli, in the Florence Gallery, appears to me every way preferable to these of Titian. She is seated on the ground in a wild landscape, veiled by her long hair, the eyes raised to heaven; her arm is round a skull, and a book rests on her knee. In the same gallery there is a Magdalen, half length, by Carlo Cignani, with the hands clasped, veiled only by her dishevelled hair, most affecting for the earnest, fervent expression of sorrow.

There is a celebrated picture by Timoteo della Vite, in the Bologna Gallery. She is standing before the entrance of her cavern, arrayed in a loose short mantle; her long hair is seen beneath this, descending to her feet, the hands joined in prayer, the head declined on one side, and the whole expression that of girlish innocence and simplicity, with a touch of the pathetic. A mendicant, not a Magdalen, is the idea suggested.

Murillo's Magdalen is almost perfect as a piece of expression, intensely mournful, wasted, bowed with the recollection of the past—the sinner and the penitent; but without any trace of the reconciled saint. Better in this respect is a beautiful little Magdalen by Annibal Carracci: she is seated on the ground at the foot of a tree; she leans her cheek on her right hand, the other rests on a skull; the upward ardent look is full of hope and faith; but the forms are too Amazonian. Finer is the very beautiful Magdalen, by Guido, in the Suardi Palace: the figure is life-size; she is seated, leaning on her hand, looking up with a tender hope, her long fair hair falling in luxuriant tresses over her bosom and shoulders: cherubs descend from above. Of all Guido's pictures of this subject, and he painted at least ten, this is the finest; in his heads of the Magdalen he had the Niobe in his mind; but in general they are too tearful and characterless, the lovely head in the National Gallery not excepted.

The most beautiful of Van Dyck's Magdalens is a half-length figure, the face in profile, bending over the crucifix; the skull and a knotted scourge lie on a shelf of a rock behind; underneath is the inscription: "*Fallat gratia et vana est pulchritudo; mulier timens Dominum ipsa laudabitur;*" but in general his Magdalens have the same fault as his Madonnas; they are too elegant. Rubens has given us thirteen Magdalens more or less coarse; in one picture she is tearing her hair like a disappointed virago.

Towards the end of the 17th century we find this subject, like most others, degraded by every kind of conventionalism, until it became, as I have already observed, a mere display of beautiful forms, voluptuous or insipid, as the case might be. Such were those of Furini, of Carlo Dolce, (I do not except his famous but girlish Magdalen in the Florentine Gallery,) of Carlo Maratti, of Vander Werff, and other manufacturers;—while Schalken represented her as doing penance by candle-light, and Claude found her a convenient figure to give a name to three of his beautiful landscapes.

The treatment of the Penitent Magdalen in sculpture, has, in every instance with which I am acquainted, unavoidably leaned to the picturesque rather than the abstract and ideal.

There is a famous statue carved in wood by Donatello, now in the San Giovanni, at Florence, which, in point of character, may be referred to the first class of subjects; she is standing with clasped hands; the head raised in prayer; the forms very expressive of wasting grief and penance, but too meagre for beauty. "*Egli la volle specchio alle penitenti non incitante alla cupidizia degli sguardi, come avvenne ad altri artisti,*" says Cicognara; and, allowing that beauty has been sacrificed to expression, he adds "but if Donatello had done all, what would have remained for Canova?" That which remained for Canova to do, he has done: "he has made her as lovely as possible. The display of the beautiful limbs is chastened by the humility of the attitude—

\* In the well known Penitent Magdalen, executed for M. Somariva, and now in the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette at Paris.

half kneeling half prostrate; by the expression of the drooping head—"all sorrow's softness charmed from its despair." Her eyes are fixed on the cross which lies extended on her knees, and she weeps—not so much her own past sins, as the sacrifice it has cost to redeem them. This is the prevailing sentiment, or, as the Germans would call it, the *motive* of the representation, to which I should feel inclined to object as deficient in dignity and severity, and bordering too much on the *genre* and dramatic style—but the execution is almost faultless. Very beautiful is another modern statue of the Penitent Magdalen, executed in marble for the Count d'Espagnac, by M. Henri de Triqueti. She is half seated, half reclining, on a fragment of rock, and pressing to her bosom a crown of thorns.

The conception of the Magdalen by the greatest painters, is more distinctly expressed in those scriptural scenes, in which she is an important figure, than in the single and ideal impersonations. The sacred subjects in which she is introduced are the following—

1. 'Jesus at Supper with Simon the Pharisee.'—"And she began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hair of her head, and kissed his feet and anointed them with ointment."—Luke vii. 38.

2. 'Christ in the house of Martha and Mary.'—"And she sat at Jesus' feet and heard his words, but Martha was cumbered with much serving."—Luke x. 39, 40.

3. 'The Raising of Lazarus.'—"Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died."—John xi. 32.

4. 'The Crucifixion.'—"Now there stood by the cross Mary Magdalene."—John xix. 25; Matthew xxvii. 56.

5. 'The Deposition from the Cross.'—"And Mary Magdalen, and the mother of Jesus, beheld where he was laid."—Mark xv. 47.

6. 'The Maries at the Sepulchre.'—"And there was Mary Magdalene and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre."—Matth. xxviii. 61.

7. 'Christ appears to Mary Magdalen in the Garden,' called the *Noli me Tangere*. "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my father."—John xx. 17.

In the first, second, and last of these subjects, the Magdalen is one of the two principal figures, and necessary to the action; in the others she is generally introduced, but in some instances omitted: and, as all belong properly to the life of Christ, I shall confine myself now to a few remarks on the characteristic treatment of the Magdalen in each.

1. The Supper with Simon has been treated in every variety of style; the two extremes being the compositions of Raphael and that of Paul Veronese. Raphael thought only of the religious significance of the action, and how to express it with the utmost force and the utmost simplicity. In the engraving by Marc Antonio there are few figures—our Saviour, the Pharisee, four Apostles, and two attendants. Mary Magdalen, in front, bends over the feet of Christ, while her long hair half conceals her face and almost sweeps the ground: nothing can exceed the tenderness and humility of the attitude, and the benign dignity of Christ. Paul Veronese thought only of a gorgeous festival; we have a stately banquet-room, rich architecture, a crowd of about thirty figures; and the Magdalen is merely a beautiful female with loose robes, dishevelled tresses, and the bosom displayed: this gross fault of sentiment is more conspicuous in the large picture in the Durazzo Palace at Genoa, than in the beautiful finished sketch in the collection of Mr. Rogers. Of the Durazzo picture, Lady Morgan says truly "never was a sacred subject more humanly conceived, nor more divinely executed." The composition of Rubens, of which a very fine sketch is in the Windsor collection (No. 89), is exceedingly dramatic, the dignity of Christ and the veneration and humility of the Magdalen admirably expressed; but the disdainful surprise of some of the assistants and the open mockery of others,—the old man in spectacles peering over to convince himself of the truth,—disturb the solemnity of the feeling: and this fault is even more apparent in the composition of Philippe de Champagne, where a young man puts up his finger with no equivocal expression. In these instances, the moment chosen is not "*Thy sins are*

*forgiven thee*," but the scepticism of the pharisee becomes the leading idea; "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is."

2. 'Christ in the house of Martha and Mary.' Of this beautiful subject I have never seen a satisfactory version; that of Le Sueur is the best. There is a fine domestic composition by Domenichino—engraved in London, v. 11, p. 106. One of the most modern which has attracted attention, is that of Overbeck, very simple and poetical, but deficient in individual expression. At Hampton Court there is a curious picture of this subject by Hans Vries, which is an elaborate study of architecture: the rich decoration of the interior has been criticized; but, according to the legend, Martha and Mary lived in great splendour; and there is no impropriety in representing their dwelling as a palace.

3. In the 'Raising of Lazarus,' where the subject is treated, not in the religious and emblematic significance, but as a dramatic incident, Martha and Mary are always present, and in general Mary is at the feet of our Saviour. The earliest example I have met with is by Giovanni da Melano, 1361: but Mary is here without any of the distinctive characteristics of the Magdalen. In the picture in our National Gallery, the kneeling figure of Mary, looking up in the face of Jesus, with her grand severe beauty and earnest expression, is magnificent: but here again Mary of Bethany is not Mary Magdalene. On the other hand, Rubens and the later painters are careful to point out the supposed identity by the long fair hair, exposed and dishevelled, while Martha stands aloof, veiled.

4. In the 'Crucifixion,' where more than the three figures are introduced, the Magdalen is almost always at the foot of the cross, and it is said that Giotto gave the first example. Sometimes she is embracing the cross, and looking up with all the abandonment of despairing grief;—which is more picturesque than true in sentiment. In Rubens's famous 'Crucifixion' at Antwerp, she has her arms round the cross, and is gazing at the executioner with a look of horror. In Van Dyck's, the face seen in front is exquisite for its pathetic beauty. Sometimes the Virgin is fainting in her arms. The box of ointment is frequently placed near, to distinguish her from the other Maries also present.

5. In the 'Descent, or Deposition, from the Cross' Mary Magdalene is generally conspicuous. She is often supporting the feet or one of the hands of the Saviour—or she stands by weeping—or she sustains the Virgin. In the 'Entombment' she is seen lamenting aloud, with her long tresses all disordered, and her arms outspread in an ecstasy of grief and passion; or she bends down to embrace the feet of the Saviour, or to kiss his hand. Here Raphael has shown himself supreme. There is a wonderful little drawing by him,\* in which Nicodemus and others sustain the body of the Saviour, while Mary Magdalene lies prostrate bending her head over his feet, which she embraces; the face is wholly concealed by the flowing hair, but never was the expression of overwhelming love and sorrow conveyed with such pathetic, such artless truth.

6. 'The Maries at the Sepulchre.' There is a famous engraving, after a design by Michael Angelo, called 'The three Maries going to the Sepulchre.' It represents three old women veiled, and with their backs turned—very awful, but they might as well be called the three Fates, or the three Witches, as the three Maries. The subject has never been more happily treated than by Philip Veit, a modern German artist, in a print which has become popular; the attitude of motionless sorrow; the anxious expectant looks, fixed on the tomb; the deep shadowy stillness; the dawn just breaking in the distance, are very truly and feelingly expressed.

7. The 'Noli me Tangere' is the subject of many pictures; two of the finest are yet the antipodes to each other in conception and treatment. One is the Titian in the collection of Mr. Rogers: the Magdalen kneeling bends forward with eager expression and outstretched hand. The Saviour, drawing his linen garment round him, shrinks back from her touch—yet with the softest expression of pity. Besides the beauty and truth of the expression, this picture is

\* In the collection of the Duke of Saxe Gotha. There is a well-known engraving by Enea Vico.

transcendent as a piece of colour and effect; while the rich landscape and the approach of morning over the blue distance are conceived with a sublime simplicity. Not less a miracle of Art is the Rembrandt in the Queen's Gallery: at the entrance of the sepulchre the Saviour is seen in the habiliments of a gardener, and Mary Magdalen at his feet adoring. This figure exhibits in a striking degree all the wild originality and poetic feeling peculiar to Rembrandt. The forms and characters are common; but the deep shadow of the cavern tomb, the dimly seen supernatural beings within it, the breaking of the dawn over the distant city, are awfully sublime, and worthy of the mysterious scene. Barroccio's great altar-piece—once so famous, and well known from the fine engraving of Raphael Morghen, is poor compared with either of these: Christ is effeminate and commonplace, Mary Magdalen all in a flutter.

*Book of Christmas Carols.* Illuminated from Ancient Manuscripts in the British Museum.

This is, perhaps, as perfect a specimen as we can at present hope for, of the powers of the mechanical press. The borders and miniatures have been selected by the publisher, Mr. Cundall, and are creditable to his taste and judgment; they are drawn and lithographed by Mr. John Brandard, printed in colours by Messrs. Hanhart, and with type by Mr. Whittingham. Objections, we understand, have been raised to the use of "Italian lower-case" letter in illuminations; but we are informed that the authority for so doing is to be found in The Treaty of the Cloth of Gold.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

EVENINGS WITH THE GREAT COMPOSERS.  
PROGRAMME OF MR. LINCOLN'S LECTURES, on TUESDAY NEXT, December 16, at the WESTERN INSTITUTION, Leicester-square, on CIMAROSA.

PART I.  
Duet—"Se vedete," from "Il Matrimonio per Ragioni" Miss Turner and Miss Duval.  
Aria—"La donna," from "Glan- Miss Lincoln.  
nina e Bernadone"  
Duet—"Vicina," from "Il Cre- Miss Lincoln and Miss Duval.  
duio"  
Duet—"Ha un occhio," from "I Mr. J. A. Novello and Mr. Wes-  
herbert."  
Aria and Sextet, from "Il Ma- Miss Lincoln, Miss Turner, Mr.  
trimonio Segreto" Garstin, and Mr. West-  
bee.  
Duet—"Vasa travolo," from "Il Miss Lincoln and Mr. West-  
bee.  
Pincipio di Taranto"  
Trio—"Le faccio," from "Il Ma- Miss Lincoln, Miss Turner, and  
trimonio Segreto" Garstin, Mr. J. A. Novello, and  
Quintet—"Or che siamo," from Miss Lincoln, Miss Turner, Mr.  
"Il Matrimonio per Ragioni" Garstin, Mr. J. A. Novello, and  
Mr. Westbee.

PART II.  
Airs—"Deh parlate," from "Il Miss Lincoln.  
Sacrificio d'Abraham"  
Duet—"Svenami," from "Gli Miss Duval and Mr. Garstin.  
Orazi"  
Airs—"Agitato," from "Il du Miss Turner.  
Gemell"  
Airs—"Nacqui," from "Arto- Miss Garstin.  
misia"  
Final to the First Act of "Il Duval, Mr. Garstin, Mr. J. A.  
Matrimonio Segreto" Novello, and Mr. Westbee.  
Tickets, 2s. may be had at the Institution; reserved seats, 3s. of Mr. Lincoln, 9, Upper John-street, Golden-square.

SACRED CONCERTS, CROSBY HALL, Bishopsgate-street.  
FOURTH SERIES.

SECOND CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, December 17th.  
ANTHEM—"I was in the Spirit" . . . Dr. Blow.  
Miss Steele—"The Evening Star" . . . Kailwoods.  
Misses Sabilla Novello and Steele, and Mr. Locky . . . Spohr.  
Load promiss"  
Mr. Francis (with Chorus)—"Teach me, O Lord!" . . . Boyce.  
Miss Steele, Messrs. Francis, Locky, and J. A. Mendelssohn.  
Novello—"The Vale of rest"  
Miss Sabilla Novello—"Shepherds, tell me!" . . . Cimarosa.  
Miss Locky—"Total eclipse" . . . Handel.  
CHORUS—"Christmas Hymn" . . . Arranged by V. Novello.  
Andante . . . Corelli.  
ORGAN SOLO—Fugue . . . Ann S. Mounsey.  
Mr. Francis—"Father of Heaven"  
Misses Sabilla Novello and Steele, and Mr. Francis . . . Handel.  
—"Protect us through the coming night"  
Miss Steele—"Happy are the people" . . . Handel.  
CORALE . . . Sebastian Bach.  
Mr. J. A. Novello—"O save me, my God!" (MS). . . Nicolai.  
Miss Sabilla Novello—"O Zion, how bright!" . . . Spohr.  
Misses S. Novello and Steele—"Prepare, ye im- . . . Handel.  
mortal choir!" . . . Handel.  
HALLELUJAH CHORUS . . . Handel.

THE ORGAN BY MISS MOUNSEY.  
To commence at half-past seven and terminate before ten.  
Subscribers of 12s. are entitled to two admissions to this and the last remaining Concerts. Single Tickets, 2s. 6d.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.  
M. JULIEN'S ANNUAL SERIES OF CONCERTS.  
LAST FIVE NIGHTS.  
VIZ. MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY, (the LAST NIGHT).  
On WEDNESDAY there can be NO PERFORMANCE, the Theatre having been Let previous to M. JULIEN'S occupation.  
ADDITION TO THE PROMERIE DE.  
Large Numbers of Persons having on several Evenings during the present Series of Concerts been, for want of room, of necessity denied admission, M. JULIEN begs leave to state that he has caused to be arranged and decorated TWO EXTRA APARTMENTS composed

with the Fro-  
Framing; and  
for all his Vi-  
Tux E.  
The De-  
The Pro-  
by Her Co-  
Concertina B-  
Walker; the L-  
Ac. Soc.  
M. JULIE  
The Audien-  
Spectators—

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with the Promenade, there will be opened for the first time on Monday Evening; and M. JULIEN trusts will afford ample accommodation for all his visitors.

THE BRITISH NAVY QUADRILLE on each Evening.  
THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII. (First time this Season).  
The Programme for MONDAY, December 15th, will include a Solo by Herr Kerner: Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Solo on the Concertina by Mr. Case; the Polka Quadrille; the Bouquet Royal Valse; the Destruction of Pompeii; the British Navy Quadrille, &c.

ANNUAL GRAND BAL MASQUÉ.  
M. JULIEN'S Grand Bal Masqué is fixed to take place on MONDAY, December 22nd.

The Audience portion of the Theatre will, as before, be set apart for Spectators. [See Advertisement.]

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—Christmas—never a gay musical time in London—promises, this year, to be more than usually quiet. The week just passed, however, has had its entertainments: on Monday, the Fifth Meeting of the Society of British Musicians with a better programme than usual—on Tuesday, Mr. Lincoln's "Evening with Cherubini," which well sustained the interest excited by the first entertainment—on Wednesday, a concert given by Mr. Braham with his two sons; and a repetition, at Crosby Hall, of Miss Flower's sacred music, called for by the success of that lady's first concert. Then, the number of promises is greater than usual. A whisper has reached us, that—between Mr. Wallace's and M. Benedict's opera—a new work by Mr. Macfarren is to come to a hearing at Drury Lane. Miss Birch has arrived in town from Milan; whether to appear on the English stage, is not as yet stated. Lady Bishop, too, we believe, may be expected in the course of the next season. It is inconceivable that so rich as we are in English songstresses, (counting Madame Thillon, Madame Albertazzi and Miss Hayes among the number) we should never hear of wandering tenor, or baritone, or bass, coming home from stage practice in Italy, to do his part in raising the tone of popular taste, or native music here. The chamber-musicians, meanwhile, are looking, with interest, for a new Sonata for two pianoforte players by Mr. Moscheles, which is going through the press; and for a new Pianoforte Trio, by Dr. Mendelssohn, which is on its way. As to the exhibiting virtuosi on that instrument, the list of those already spoken of as coming is bewildering: yet the season of Paris—which city is always in some sort the threshold of London—has hardly as yet begun. The most animating rumour is one mentioning, as possible, the appearance of M. List at some grand orchestral concert to be given by him, in conjunction with the management of the Italian Opera. Signor Costa's appointment as conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts has been confirmed; but "there's many a slip," &c.—and our confidence in the proceedings of the Directors does not warrant any certainty for rumoured change or appointment.

The Director of the Musical Union, — which, indeed, as we prophesied, seems but a Musical Ruin "nodding to its fall,"—is blowing his trumpet all the way from Vienna in search of guineas! Not only are one hundred new members advertised for—who are to pass through "the golden gate" of presidential and vice-presidential approval—but three hundred "Associates," as they are called, who are to pay "a fee" not less in amount than the members' subscription of last year—being one guinea for attending "eight performances of instrumental music on the Monday evenings preceding the matinees given to the members"—in plain English, eight rehearsals!! These "Associates" are to be admitted without any imposing or mysterious ceremonies, and will, therefore, we presume, be expected to dispense with the gratuitous part of the show,—reserved for the members of Royalty and of Rank,—the pianoforte playing,—possibly, also, with the published wit and wisdom of "The Record." Hence, it is manifest that, to maintain the "Union" during a second season, four hundred guineas (!) are wanted over and above the funds of the first. If this fact be not justification in full of our comments on the prospectuses put forth by the Director, and the performances which fulfilled the same, Cocker is as great a cheat as Herr Dobler.

In Paris there seems nothing brilliant, either promised or preparing, at any of the three opera-houses, so long the centres of all French music. Yet the records of the week give us a few signs of life, which would seem to show that a taste for music is extending. A fourth grand mass, by M. Dietsch, recently performed at the Church of St. Eustache, is criticized

with a manifest disposition towards severity:—this not personally to the clever chapel-master, but with a leaning towards unaccompanied church music as the one only style for the Temple. This involves nothing less than the question, whether Religious Art can be other than Traditional Art; and, unless the subject be looked at thus largely, the discussion must needs be interminable.—The Wilhelm pupils from among the working classes have been giving a concert in the Halle aux Draps; a fact not to be passed over, since permanence in this case means success. On the whole,—not overlooking the long list of artists from the Conservatoire, and aspirants from the provinces, who are, week by week, announced as waiting to make their first appearances in the theatres, we cannot but fancy there is some chance of the French becoming—from a screaming—a singing nation.—The Archbishop of Paris, we observe, has just formed a Committee for the improvement of those who chant the service of the mass. No body of vocalists—not to speak irreverently—ever more urgently needed a missionary than the flat and nasal ecclesiastics of the Paris churches.

M. Fétis, who is about to prepare a supplement to his 'Universal Biography of Musicians,' has put forth an advertisement, inviting the contribution of biographical matter on the part of all who have been omitted in the body of his work: such particulars to be addressed to him at the Conservatoire, Brussels. Now, inasmuch as it is not always the worthiest in Art who are the most communicative, we cannot but hope that M. Fétis will exercise a wise discretion in selecting. And, as Englishmen, we are particularly justified in expressing this caution, since the section of his Biography which is devoted to the music of our country is meagre, ill-proportioned and incorrect. Those, for instance, who attended the concert of our veteran, Braham, on Wednesday last, will read, with feelings of unusual satisfaction, in the second volume of the 'Biographie,' published in 1835, that our once-best tenor died of the cholera in 1834! It is not for the sake of the joke that we record the blunder, but seriously to suggest to M. Fétis whether his coming supplement might not contain corrigenda, as well as addenda. The Dictionary is, generally, too useful a work of reference not to make its further improvement a matter of interest with every musical student.

A brief paragraph will dispose of other recent "doings" on the Continent. A Signora Albani seems to be amazing the Germans with the "mannish" tones of her *contralto* voice. If the Italian managers and composers do not intend to renounce this important material for effect, such a lady is worth "caging" and teaching.—'Le Puits d'Amour' of Mr. Balfe has pleased less at Vienna than was expected from the success of his 'Haimonskinder.'—A handful of singers paid a sort of homage to Schubert, on the 19th of November, by singing some of the master's compositions before the gate of the cemetery at Währing, where he was interred, hard by Beethoven and the Ritter von Seyried.—The two Queens of Spain and the Infanta Fernanda Luisa figure drolly in the public notices of the Madrid court concerts, as performers. What a surprise would be their 'Norma' *cavatins* and 'Guillaume Tell' duets be to some Duenna or Chamberlain of the reigns of etiquette, could they be called back to palace life again,—and dared they take the liberty of believing what they heard!

# MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Dec. 1.—M. Dumas made a communication, in the name of M. Lewy, relative to his experiments as to the composition of the gases held in solution by sea-water at different periods of the day. M. Lewy operated upon water taken from the sea at Langreme in the Calvados. He confirms the experiments made by M. Morreu, with the exception of stating that he has not found the variations so considerable as those announced by that gentleman. The most striking result of M. Lewy's experiments is the augmentation of oxygen during the day, and the diminution of this gas at night, when the sky is clouded, whereas, with the carbonic acid, the result is in the opposite ratio. Sea water, says M. Lewy, contains a notable quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen and hydrosulphate of ammonia. The variations are due to two contrary actions—the action of

light on vegetation and animalculæ, and the action of animal matter on the sulphates that are held in solution. In the first case, there is a disengagement of oxygen which increases with the greater or lesser action or the greater or lesser prolongation of solar light; in the second case, there is production of sulphuretted hydrogen, and formation of hydrosulphate of ammonia, which diminishes in a remarkable way the proportions of the oxygen dissolved.—A paper was received from M. Sichel, giving an account of the engraving on some seals of ancient Roman oculists, which have been recently discovered. It appears that the Roman oculists had engraved upon these seals the names of the remedies for diseases of the eyes which were then in vogue.—A notice was received from M. Dessagneux, on a newly-invented watch, which marks the degrees of heat and moisture.

Auroral Arch.—On Wednesday, 3rd December, 1845, a magnificent phenomenon was visible in the evening. There had been several heavy snow and hail showers. From half-past 5, all the evening, the Aurora Boreales were very brilliant in the N., chiefly through the constellation Ursa Major. At 8 18<sup>m</sup> an auroral arch was visible. When first discovered it was at its maximum brightness, and of a somewhat orange colour: the light it emitted was very strong; in fact, although the moon was setting, the night was quite light. Its average breadth was 5°, and it extended the whole of the way from W. by S. horizon to E. by N. horizon. The stars appeared perfectly bright through this phenomenon. Yours, &c.

E. J. LOWE.

Highfield House, near Nottingham, Dec. 5, 1845.

Bridge at Runcorn.—The often-talked-of project for connecting the Lancashire and Cheshire shores, by a bridge over the Mersey, at Runcorn, is at length about to receive its execution. In reference to this stupendous scheme the *Liverpool Mercury* has the following:—"Our readers may form some idea of its magnitude, when we state that there are to be five wet arches of 280 ft. span, 100 ft. above high-water mark at spring tides, and 168 dry arches of 30 feet span,—making a total of 2480 yards of arching, which will be, when completed, the greatest work of the kind in Europe."

Unpublished Letter of Oliver Cromwell.—The following letter has been submitted to a correspondent by Messrs. Graves, of Pall Mall, with the object of ascertaining its authenticity. "Neither the signature nor any part of it," says our correspondent, "is the autograph of the Protector; but I have no doubt, from its general characteristics—the writing, the paper, and its watermark—that it is a contemporary copy of a genuine letter. It was lately purchased by Messrs. Graves, at a sale at Sotheby's." It will have an interest for the readers of Mr. Carlyle's edition of Cromwell's Letters, as it does not appear in that work:—

"For my noble friends the Committee for the Isle of Ely present these.

"Gentlemen—I understand that you have lately released some persons committed by Major Ireton & Captain Husbands & one committed by Captain Castell, all upon cleere and necessary grounds as they are represented unto me rendering them as very enemies as any we have & asmuch requiring to have them contynued secured I have given order to Captain Husbands to see them recomitted to the hands of my Marshall Richard White.—And I much desire you (for future) not to entrench vpon me soe much as to release them or any committed in the like case by my selfe or my deputy and Comaunders in the Garrison, untill my selfe or some superior authority be satisfied in the cause, & doe give order in allowance for their enlargem<sup>t</sup>; for I professe I wilbe noe Governor nor engage any other vnder me to vnder-take such a charge vpon such weake termes. I am soe sensible of the neede we have to improve the present opportunity of our being Master in the field and haueing noe enemy nere the Isle, to spare what charge may be towarde the makinge of those fortifications w<sup>ch</sup> may make it more defensible hereafter, if we shall haue more neede, as I shall desire you for that end to ease the Isle and Treasury from the superfluous charge of two severall Committees for the feudall parts of the Isle. And that one Committee settled at March may serve for the whole Isle. Wherefore I wishe that one of your number may in

your courses intend & appear at that Committee to manage & uphold it the better for all parts of the Isle. Resting upon your care herein, I remaine  
"Your friend to serve you"  
"OLIVER CROMWELL.  
"From Lincoln, this 1st of Sept. 1644."

To find the Altitude of the Sun in Cloudy Weather.  
—A letter has been addressed to the Committee of Lloyd's, by a Mr. Ham, of Victoria-street, Norwich, relative to a discovery made by him for ascertaining with exactness the altitude of the sun in very cloudy weather.—*Morning Advertiser.*

Cambridge.—We had the curiosity to deduce from the "Cambridge Calendar" the following information on the average duration of the heads of the different houses in Cambridge, or the average tenure of his office by one man. After the names of the colleges come the number of years, the number of heads who have held office in that term of years, and the average tenure of office in years and tenths:—

College.	No. of years.	No. of heads.	Average tenure.
6. St. Peter's .....	548	36	15.2
8. Clare Hall .....	489	35	14.0
12. Pembroke .....	461	30	15.4
3. Caius .....	491	31	15.8
5. Trinity Hall .....	493	32	15.4
10. Corpus Christi .....	470	36	13.1
11. King's .....	371	29	12.8
9. Queen's .....	364	29	12.5
7. Catherine Hall .....	336	23	14.6
14. Jesus .....	323	29	11.2
5. Christ's .....	324	21	15.4
16. St. John's .....	328	31	10.6
15. Magdalen .....	271	25	10.8
13. Trinity .....	295	26	11.3
1. Emmanuel .....	251	14	17.9
2. Sydney .....	245	15	16.3
4. Downing .....	31	2	15.5
Total .....	6121	453	13.5

The numbers at the beginning express the order of magnitude of the average tenures. Thus Emmanuel keeps a master the longest time, and St. John's the shortest. The differences must arise from the manner in which the several laws of election influence the ages of the elected, the manner in which various political circumstances influence promotion, and the manner in which the different situations of the colleges influence the health. Had death been the only cause of removal, and life throughout the five centuries of the value as now, the average age of accession to the headship of a college would have been above sixty. This is certainly very far from the truth at present, though it may have been nearly correct at one time.

Mount Hecla.—According to a letter from Copenhagen, of the 22nd ult., the eruption of Mount Hecla had become very formidable, at the date of the last accounts from Iceland. At a distance of two miles from the crater, the lava torrent was a mile in width, and from forty to fifty feet in depth.

The Gold and Platina Mines of Siberia.—The diamond-mine of Sincura, with its seemingly exhaustless wealth, has greatly deadened, for the moment, the keen taste of the details which periodically report the statistics of Russian Mining for Gold. Nevertheless, these latter have still a flavour in their small way. Their produce in Siberia, in the first six months of the present year, has been 157 puds and upwards of pure gold—making about 3,150 kilogrammes. Of this quantity, upwards of 60 puds, or 1,200 kilogrammes, are from the State mines, the remainder from those of private proprietors. The platina mines of individuals in the same province have yielded in the same time more than 35 puds; those of the State have nearly failed during that period.

Steam Navigation in the United States.—The Hendrick Hudson, steamer, performed the distance, recently, from New York to Albany, 160 miles, in 7 hours 40 minutes. She ran part of the distance at the rate of 24 miles an hour! The average speed of the Oregon, the new boat built at New York, is 23 miles to the hour! and even that, it is intended, shall be eclipsed by the Iron Witch, now nearly ready to commence her trips between New York and Albany! —*New York Mirror.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A Swiss Traveller—J. E. H.—C. G.—One who loves Science—J. C. C.—Anon.—received.  
We are obliged to the proprietors of *The Gloucester Chronicle*.

Errata.—P. 1165, col. 3, line 26, for "preparation," read *propagation*; 1173, c. 3, l. 35, for "Mery," read *Merz*.

# KNIGHT'S WEEKLY VOLUME. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

This day,  
**PALEY'S NATURAL THEOLOGY.** By HENRY LORD BROUGHTON, F.R.S. and SIR CHARLES BELL, K.G.H. &c. &c.  
In Four Volumes, with numerous Woodcuts.—Vol. III.  
London: Charles Knight & Co. 25, Ludgate-street.

This day, price 3s. 6d.  
**ECLOGÆ CICERONIANÆ.** being a Selection from the ORATIONS, EPISTLES, and PHILOSOPHICAL DIALOGUES of CICERO. To which are added SELECTED LETTERS of the VEROUS PLINY. Edited with an English Preface and a few Latin Notes, by Prof. PILLANS of Edinburgh University, for the Use of Schools and Colleges.  
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By P. H. NICOLAS, Lieut. Royal Marines. Edited with an English Preface and a few Latin Notes, by Prof. PILLANS of Edinburgh University, for the Use of Schools and Colleges.  
T. & W. Boone, Publishers, 29, New Bond-street; Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh; and J. Cumming, Dublin.

Will be published on the 1st of January, 1846.  
**'THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE,'** a new and most elegant and beautiful novel.  
By LADY DALMENY.  
Price 12. 11s. 6d.; proof copies bound, 2s. 12s. 6d.  
Dickinson & Son, 114, New Bond-street.

NEW WORK BY H. PILLEAU, ESQ. LATE 16th LANCERS.  
To be ready this month.  
**A SET of VIEWS of the most celebrated TEMPLES in EGYPT,** lithographed by Messrs. DICKINSON from drawings made on the spot by the author. The work will be accompanied by descriptive letterpress, and no pains will be spared to render the work perfect.  
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By GEORGE W. WALSH, Principal Master.  
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15	15 1	15	14 10
16	17 1	16	16 10
17	19 1	17	18 10
18	21 1	18	20 10
19	23 1	19	22 10
20	25 1	20	24 10
21	27 1	21	26 10
22	29 1	22	28 10
23	31 1	23	30 10
24	33 1	24	32 10
25	35 1	25	34 10
26	37 1	26	36 10
27	39 1	27	38 10
28	41 1	28	40 10
29	43 1	29	42 10
30	45 1	30	44 10
31	47 1	31	46 10
32	49 1	32	48 10
33	51 1	33	50 10
34	53 1	34	52 10
35	55 1	35	54 10
36	57 1	36	56 10
37	59 1	37	58 10
38	61 1	38	60 10
39	63 1	39	62 10
40	65 1	40	64 10
41	67 1	41	66 10
42	69 1	42	68 10
43	71 1	43	70 10
44	73 1	44	72 10
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46	77 1	46	76 10
47	79 1	47	78 10
48	81 1	48	80 10
49	83 1	49	82 10
50	85 1	50	84 10
51	87 1	51	86 10
52	89 1	52	88 10
53	91 1	53	90 10
54	93 1	54	92 10
55	95 1	55	94 10
56	97 1	56	96 10
57	99 1	57	98 10
58	101 1	58	100 10
59	103 1	59	102 10
60	105 1	60	104 10
61	107 1	61	106 10
62	109 1	62	108 10
63	111 1	63	110 10
64	113 1	64	112 10
65	115 1	65	114 10
66	117 1	66	116 10
67	119 1	67	118 10
68	121 1	68	120 10
69	123 1	69	122 10
70	125 1	70	124 10
71	127 1	71	126 10
72	129 1	72	128 10
73	131 1	73	130 10
74	133 1	74	132 10
75	135 1	75	134 10
76	137 1	76	136 10
77	139 1	77	138 10
78	141 1	78	140 10
79	143 1	79	142 10
80	145 1	80	144 10
81	147 1	81	146 10
82	149 1	82	148 10
83	151 1	83	150 10
84	153 1	84	152 10
85	155 1	85	154 10
86	157 1	86	156 10
87	159 1	87	158 10
88	161 1	88	160 10
89	163 1	89	162 10
90	165 1	90	164 10
91	167 1	91	166 10
92	169 1	92	168 10
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25	1 5 0	2 5 0	35	0 23 2	1 21 10
26	1 6 0	2 6 0	36	0 24 1	1 22 6
27	1 7 0	2 7 0	37	0 25 0	1 23 10
28	1 8 0	2 8 0	38	0 25 10	1 24 6
29	1 9 0	2 9 0	39	0 26 0	1 25 10
30	2 0 0	3 0 0	40	0 27 0	1 26 6
31	2 1 0	3 1 0	41	0 28 0	1 27 10
32	2 2 0	3 2 0	42	0 29 0	1 28 6
33	2 3 0	3 3 0	43	0 30 0	1 29 10
34	2 4 0	3 4 0	44	0 31 0	1 30 6
35	2 5 0	3 5 0	45	0 32 0	1 31 10
36	2 6 0	3 6 0	46	0 33 0	1 32 6
37	2 7 0	3 7 0	47	0 34 0	1 33 10
38	2 8 0	3 8 0	48	0 35 0	1 34 6
39	2 9 0	3 9 0	49	0 36 0	1 35 10
40	3 0 0	4 0 0	50	0 37 0	1 36 6
41	3 1 0	4 1 0	51	0 38 0	1 37 10
42	3 2 0	4 2 0	52	0 39 0	1 38 6
43	3 3 0	4 3 0	53	0 40 0	1 39 10
44	3 4 0	4 4 0	54	0 41 0	1 40 6
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46	3 6 0	4 6 0	56	0 43 0	1 42 6
47	3 7 0	4 7 0	57	0 44 0	1 43 10
48	3 8 0	4 8 0	58	0 45 0	1 44 6
49	3 9 0	4 9 0	59	0 46 0	1 45 10
50	4 0 0	5 0 0	60	0 47 0	1 46 6
51	4 1 0	5 1 0	61	0 48 0	1 47 10
52	4 2 0	5 2 0	62	0 49 0	1 48 6
53	4 3 0	5 3 0	63	0 50 0	1 49 10
54	4 4 0	5 4 0	64	0 51 0	1 50 6
55	4 5 0	5 5 0	65	0 52 0	1 51 10
56	4 6 0	5 6 0	66	0 53 0	1 52 6
57	4 7 0	5 7 0	67	0 54 0	1 53 10
58	4 8 0	5 8 0	68	0 55 0	1 54 6
59	4 9 0	5 9 0	69	0 56 0	1 55 10
60	5 0 0	6 0 0	70	0 57 0	1 56 6
61	5 1 0	6 1 0	71	0 58 0	1 57 10
62	5 2 0	6 2 0	72	0 59 0	1 58 6
63	5 3 0	6 3 0	73	0 60 0	1 59 10
64	5 4 0	6 4 0	74	0 61 0	1 60 6
65	5 5 0	6 5 0	75	0 62 0	1 61 10
66	5 6 0	6 6 0	76	0 63 0	1 62 6
67	5 7 0	6 7 0	77	0 64 0	1 63 10
68	5 8 0	6 8 0	78	0 65 0	1 64 6
69	5 9 0	6 9 0	79	0 66 0	1 65 10
70	6 0 0	7 0 0	80	0 67 0	1 66 6
71	6 1 0	7 1 0	81	0 68 0	1 67 10
72	6 2 0	7 2 0	82	0 69 0	1 68 6
73	6 3 0	7 3 0	83	0 70 0	1 69 10
74	6 4 0	7 4 0	84	0 71 0	1 70 6
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77	6 7 0	7 7 0	87	0 74 0	1 73 10
78	6 8 0	7 8 0	88	0 75 0	1 74 6
79	6 9 0	7 9 0	89	0 76 0	1 75 10
80	7 0 0	8 0 0	90	0 77 0	1 76 6
81	7 1 0	8 1 0	91	0 78 0	1 77 10
82	7 2 0	8 2 0	92	0 79 0	1 78 6
83	7 3 0	8 3 0	93	0 80 0	1 79 10
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Physician.—William H. Cotterill, M.D.

Physician.—George Burrows, M.D.

The principle adopted by the Universal Life Assurance Society of an annual valuation of assets and liabilities, and a division of three-fourths of the profits among the assured, is admitted to offer great advantages; especially to those parties who may wish to appropriate their proportion of profit to the reduction of future premiums.

The following table will show the result of the last division of profits, as declared on the 31st May, 1844, to all persons who had on that day paid six annual premiums:—

Age when Policy was issued.	Date of Policy.	Sum Assured.	Original Premium.	Reduced Annual Premium (for the current year).
20	On or before 31st May, 1839.	£1,000	£19 6 8	£19 13 4
30	On or before 31st May, 1839.	1,000	24 8 4	13 4 3
40	On or before 31st May, 1839.	1,000	31 10 0	15 15 0
50	On or before 31st May, 1839.	1,000	42 15 0	21 7 0
60	On or before 31st May, 1839.	1,000	60 10 0	32 10 0

**DAVID JONES, Actuary.**

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# THE ART-UNION,

## MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE FINE ARTS;

### THE ARTS DECORATIVE AND ORNAMENTAL; AND RECORD OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

ESTABLISHED IN JANUARY, 1839.

THE ART-UNION—of which Eighty-eight Monthly Parts have been issued since its commencement in January, 1839—has been recommended by the Press, universally, as “ably and impartially conducted;” as “admirably calculated to advance the objects of artists, and increase the growing taste for Works of Art;” and “at once establishing, by the excellence of its arrangements, the variety and interest of its intelligence, and the tone of its opinions, the highest claims upon all lovers of Art.” Similar recommendations have emanated from the Foreign Press:—in *Galignani* it has been commended for “sound taste and judgment;” and by the *Kunstblatt* (the oracle of Art in Germany) it has been accepted as “a safe authority on all matters appertaining to British Art.”

The circulation of the ART-UNION has, during the past year, averaged 5,000 monthly; it is distributed not only among artists generally, but extensively among those whose leisure enables them to cultivate the Arts as sources of intellectual enjoyment, and who seek to be made acquainted with all improvements in LITERATURE, SCIENCE, and the FINE ARTS, and their application to the USEFUL ARTS, and the ARTS DECORATIVE AND ORNAMENTAL, in their several departments.

The ART-UNION is especially recommended to FAMILIES in which the Arts are studied as sources of intellectual enjoyment. To the STUDENT in DRAWING it may prove a most desirable aid; and to SCHOOLS a very valuable auxiliary.

To all who are interested in Art—either as a profession or an intellectual luxury—the ART-UNION cannot fail to be an acquisition. Its leading Conductor, although his connexion with Art has been long and intimate, is not an Artist. His aim is to be at once just and generous; to divest criticism of confusing and cumbrous technicalities; to avoid prejudice and partiality as the most dangerous of all evils; to maintain and prove the pre-eminence of British Art; and, by the exertion of continual energy and industry, to advance a profession which receives, and is worthy to receive, the highest veneration; in short, to supply to Artists, Amateurs, and Connoisseurs, accurate and useful information upon all subjects in which they are interested, and to the public the means of justly ascertaining and estimating the progress of Art, both at home and abroad.

Each Monthly Part of the ART-UNION is largely illustrated by WOOD ENGRAVINGS—describing the various subjects under consideration; these, for the most part, exhibit the progress of taste as applied to manufactures, and are suggestions for decoration and ornament. Woodcuts, however, are frequently introduced of portraits of popular pictures, and other objects of interest; while presented with each number is an ENGRAVING ON STEEL, OR AN EXAMPLE OF FINE LITHOGRAPHY—the cost of which, separately, would greatly exceed that of the Part in which it appears.

PART LXXXIX. of the ART-UNION—COMMENCING THE EIGHTH ANNUAL VOLUME—WILL BE PUBLISHED ON THE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1846; AND THE OCCASION IS SUGGESTED AS CONVENIENT FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS, WHO MAY THUS BE ENABLED TO COMPLETE THE WORK DURING THE REVENING YEAR. HITHERTO MUCH INCONVENIENCE HAS ARISEN, IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE DIFFICULTY OF OBTAINING “SETS”—SEVERAL OF THE PARTS HAVING BEEN “OUT OF PRINT.”

TO MANUFACTURERS, Decorative and Ornamental Designers, their Employers and Artisans, and all who are interested in improving the USEFUL ARTS by subjecting them to the influence of the FINE ARTS, the ART-UNION Monthly Journal is recommended as supplying such practical information as may enhance the MERCANTILE VALUE of the various productions of BRITISH INDUSTRY.

In order to communicate FACTS so as to render them available as suggestions to the producer, the several articles are illustrated by EXPLANATORY WOODCUTS. They are addressed to every trade in which taste can be brought to co-operate with the artisan; and the MERCANTILE VALUE of the USEFUL ARTS IS AUGMENTED BY THE AID OF THE FINE ARTS.

The ART-UNION Journal, as its name imports, was instituted mainly to enforce the necessity of UNION between the different branches of Art, and more particularly the intimate connexion that exists between those Arts which have been regarded as entirely artistic, and those which have been deemed exclusively mechanical; the purpose being to show that mind as well as hand is required in every branch of DECORATIVE ART.

The publication, therefore, is recommended to the attention of persons interested in the cultivation of the Arts of Decoration and Ornament—in the furnishing of houses with taste,

elegance and judgment; and in the introduction of improvements in designs for British manufactures—from articles of high importance to the most trifling matters in general, which may be made subservient to the judicious EDUCATION of the ARTS and MANUFACTURES, in which every Manufacturer is unconsciously taking an active part, and which in either advances or retards, more or less, by every article he multiplies and circulates among mankind.

Thus publicity is given, so far as the influence of the Journal extends, to any improvement introduced into the external form and character of articles of British manufacture. The supremacy of our manufactures has been long maintained, and is universally acknowledged on the Continent. While, however, the foreign producer admits our superiority in the very essential points of substance and durability, he generally refers with vulgar triumph and scorn to the FORMS of our productions. But a time is approaching when it may surpass the foreign competitor in design as much as we have hitherto excelled him in MATERIAL.

In pursuance of our plan, therefore, we shall notice every improvement in manufactured articles where the influence of the Fine Arts has been or may be exercised; and, wherever our notices require the aid of explanatory WOODCUTS, such woodcuts shall be associated with them. We may thus hold out a sure encouragement to improvement, in giving to such improvement that publicity which rarely fails to secure substantial reward, while exciting a more general desire to achieve excellence.

Hitherto the Manufacturer has had no medium by which he could make known the improvements in taste and external form to which his productions had been subjected; as the public journals have completely overlooked the SILENT BUT POWERFUL INSTRUCTIONS WHICH EMANATE FROM THE FACTORIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The present period is auspicious for our purpose; the establishment of Schools of Design in the leading Manufacturing Towns of the Kingdom is producing the best results; and the boon recently accorded by the LEGISLATURE TO THE MANUFACTURER, by enabling him to REGISTER his improvements, secures him from Piracy; we have made such arrangements—during a recent Tour in the Manufacturing Districts—as will enable us to procure copies of the best Designs, at the time they are registered, and which we shall, as early as possible afterwards, communicate to the Public.

#### ILLUSTRATED TOUR IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION IN THE

## ART-UNION MONTHLY JOURNAL,

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The First Part of this Tour, comprising *Birmingham*, illustrated, will appear in the ART-UNION, No. 89, for January 1846.

Orders may be given through any Bookseller, or direct to the Publishers,  
**CHAPMAN & HALL, 186, Strand,**

To whom all communications for THE EDITOR may be addressed.

Printed by JAMES HOLMES, of No. 4, New Ormond-street, in the county of Middlesex, printer, at his office No. 4, Took's Court, Chancery-lane, in the parish of St. Andrew, in the said county; and published by JOHN FRANKS, of No. 14, Wellington-street North, in the said county. Publisher, at No. 14, in Wellington-street aforesaid; and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—Agents: for Scotland, Messrs. Bell & Bradburn, Edinburgh;—for Ireland, J. Cumming, Dublin.—Saturday, December 13, 1845.